The Outlook

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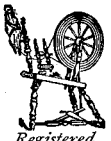

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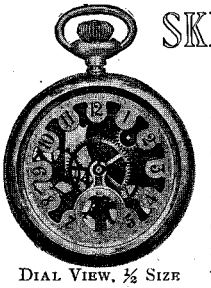

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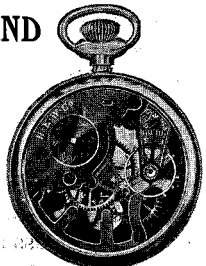

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1905

The Russian Rout

It is almost exactly five months since General Kuropatkin bombastically announced on the eve of his advance from Tie Pass, "The time has come for us to compel the Japanese to do our will." Last week he telegraphed from the same place, "Our armies have escaped." Even this humiliating avowal does not give the whole truth, for it is admitted that some 40,000 Russians have been taken prisoners—no inconsiderable army in itself. The Japanese victory in the Battle of Mukden, as history will call the ten days' or more fighting about the city of that name, was decisive and crushing. Nothing could have been more destructive of Russian prestige and of the possibility of any Russian victory in Manchuria this year, unless it were that the entire Russian army or a major portion of it should be surrounded and forced to yield. This was hardly a reasonable thing to expect, as, although the Japanese armies were larger numerically, the forces were not so disproportionate as to make it probable that one could actually encircle and hold the other; taking the figures as 330,000 and 280,000 respectively for Japanese and Russians, it would be as if thirty-three men were to try to surround twenty-eight—a weak place would exist somewhere in the circle. What Field-Marshal Oyama actually did, aided with the utmost rapidity and intelligence by his separate army commanders, Kuroki, Oku, Nogi, and Nodzu, was first to attack alternately on either flank until the enemy was confused as to the serious point of assault; then to send a large force under Nogi circling far round to the westward of the enemy (going as far as Sinmintien—see map), so that presently desperate despatches from General Kuropatkin began to speak of attacks on "our north line"—the Russians being supposed to face in the main southward; finally to drive a wedge from the east flank directly through the enemy's center. Before the end of the week the Russians found themselves attacked in many places far up on both their flanks, and the question became one of saving large bodies of troops from being absolutely surrounded. The Japanese acted with marvelous activity and harmony; their plan was intricate and required the utmost precision in its component parts. General Nogi's forced march of forty miles and the fierceness of his attack immediately after is a military feat all but unparalleled. Mukden was occupied on Friday; the town of Fushun (a gate to one of the lines of retreat) was seized the following day; and thereafter the Russians poured northward to the Tie Pass—outfought and outmaneuvered. On Monday of this week Marshal Oyama reported to Tokyo that he had 40,000 prisoners, and that the Russian casualties in the Shakhe region alone were 90,000; he placed the total Russian loss (killed, wounded, and prisoners) at 156,500, his own at about 41,000. If these figures are anywhere near accuracy, the Battle of Mukden is the most tremendous of modern times, and the heart sickens at the scenes of slaughter and suffering, with perhaps 50,000 dead human beings scattered over the Manchurian fields and a far larger number bearing the pains of wounds and jolting as they best can. Among the Japanese spoils were 60 large guns, 60,000 rifles, 200,000 shells, 25,000,000 rounds of small ammunition, and enormous quantities of stores, fuel, food, and wagons. General Nakimoff is among the prisoners.

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The Battle's Effect on the War

Russia boldly declares that her answer to a defeat is always reinforcements, and that a new army of 400,000 men will be sent to Manchuria. Beneath this assertion may of course lie

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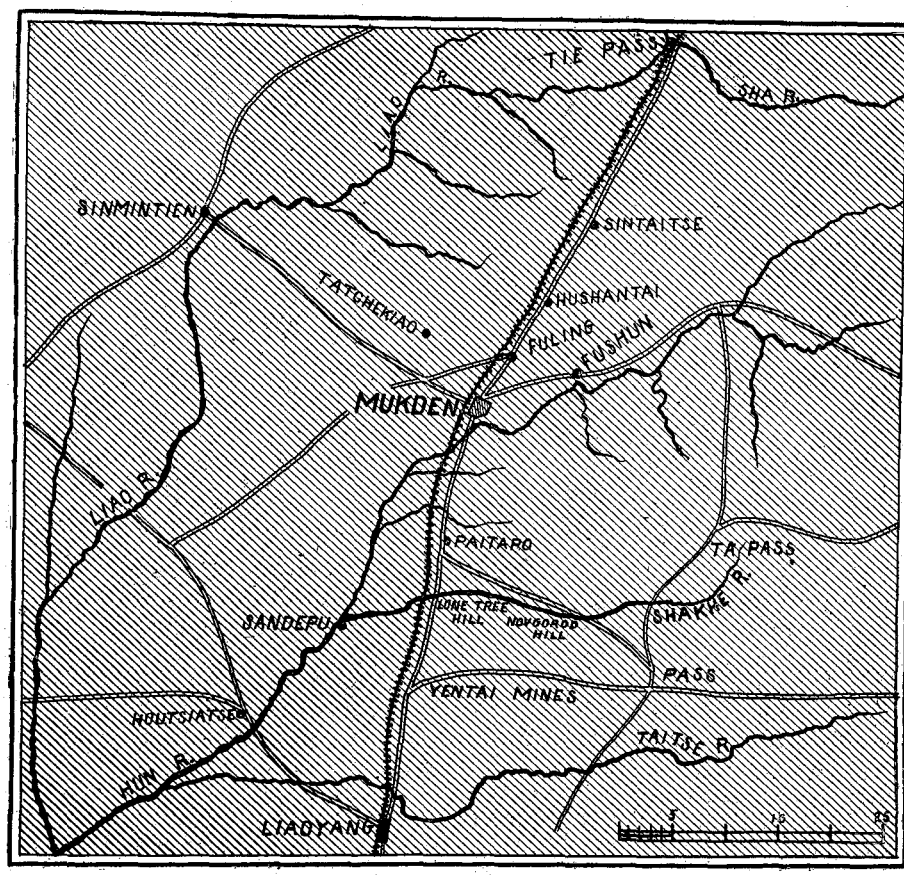

THE SCENE OF THE BATTLE AND RETREAT

This sketch map shows the main features of a district about 75 miles square, in which the Battle of Mukden and the Russian retreat to Tie Pass took place. At the beginning of the fighting the hostile armies were on the two banks of the Shakhe, in lines nearly east and west. From Mukden to Tie Pass is about forty miles. The railway beyond Tie Pass runs north and northwest about 300 miles over level country to Harbin, with no towns of importance. From Harbin runs the main Siberian Railroad west to Russia, east to Vladivostok. Kirin, the only other large town, is northeast of Tie Pass.

a real intention of securing peace, but, taking it as genuine, the question may be asked, How is this army to be got to Harbin in time? It is currently reported that the single-track Siberian Railroad is already worked to its utmost and shows such signs of the strain that reinforcements on the way are already blocked in western Russia; certainly the 400,000 men cannot be moved in a body, and in detachments they would fall into the hands of a superior Japanese force. Even if General Kuropatkin holds Tie Pass for some weeks, it seems certain that a superior Japanese force must drive him back early in the summer. Thence to Harbin, three hundred miles northwest, the land is level and there are no places of importance to serve as depots. It has been suggested that he may retreat to Kirin, which is northeast from Mukden; but to do so would allow the Japanese easily to cut his railway connection with Russia. It is already talked of as a matter of course that Kuropatkin will be succeeded by another commander-in-chief, yet it is admitted that it would be difficult to name a stronger man. Japan naturally will now await proposals of peace from Russia, and Japanese newspapers declare that Japan will unremittingly continue the vigorous prosecution of the war, and that the nation has no suggestion to make to Russia, directly or indirectly. At sea Russia has nothing to expect in the immediate future; part or all of Admiral Rojesvensky's fleet appears to have left Madagascar, but whether on its return home or to join and escort new detachments of the fleet now moving

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eastward is uncertain. Captain Clado, the chief of staff of the fleet, has openly stated that it would be purposeless folly to go eastward until the fleet has been strengthened to the utmost and the men properly trained. On every side for the Russians the war seems hopeless for the campaign of 1905. If they hold their own on the outer verge of Manchuria, it seems more than they can reasonably hope under present appearances.

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The Situation in Russia

Russia has not yet grasped the significance of the crushing defeat which General Kuropatkin has sustained. It is one of the fatal mistakes of the Russian Government in this, as in other matters, not to take the Russian people into its confidence. When the magnitude of that disaster is understood, the growing disorder within the Empire may approach a critical point; in any event, the rapidity of its movement toward such a point is likely to be hastened. Reports from different sections indicate that while the anniversary of the freeing of the serfs was passed without any outbreaks, there is a growing restlessness among the peasants, who are now, for the first time in the history of political agitation in that country, being systematically approached by skillful organization. A revolutionary campaign is now being conducted throughout the provinces; the story of the tragedy in St. Petersburg is being told in every hamlet, and the miseries, limitations, and aspirations of the Russian working classes in the cities are being described to the peasants in the provinces. Readers of The Outlook were recently informed in some detail of the various streams of intelligence and influence which are now penetrating the Empire, and the fruits of which are seen in the growing discontent and boldness of all classes. It is reported that open meetings are being held in some of the provinces and the most revolutionary matters discussed without intervention or repression. Disorder has already broken out in some districts, and the peasantry are pillaging granaries and great estates. Everything indicates a rapid ripening for some definite action. What that action will be, what form it will assume, and when it will take place, depend on leadership and concentration. The autocracy faces two possible evils: revolution or anarchy. It is the absence of organization in Russia and the absence so far of leadership that make observers apprehend that the immediate issue of the situation will be anarchy. Meanwhile it is significant that France is becoming restive under the constant necessity of replenishment of the Russian treasury. The French have already invested $1,600,000,000 in Russian securities; the grave question which now confronts them is whether Russia is to continue waging a ruinously expensive war with the menace of increasing disorder at home, or whether, putting aside false pride, resolutely facing the facts and accepting the situation, the Russian Government will open the way to a peace with Japan or take an attitude which will enable the Japanese to approach the subject, and then deal wisely with the disorders at home. So far as official expression is concerned, the situation in regard to peace is as hopeless as that with regard to reform. The reply of the autocracy to the disasters in Manchuria so far is another army and another campaign. It remains to be seen whether these rash counsels will prevail, or whether the public opinion of Europe, backed by the necessities of the situation, will open the eyes of the Russian Government to the actual state of things.

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Ireland Again

The Irish question is the specter in the background of English politics, haunting with persistent indifference both parties, and calculating to a nicety the most unfortunate hour in which to obtrude itself. The brilliant and accomplished Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and one of the most popular members of Mr. Balfour's Ministry, is the latest sacrifice to the interminable dispute between England and Ireland. Some time ago Sir Antony MacDonnell, an Irish Roman Catholic Liberal, was appointed Under-Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and entered upon the duties of

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that difficult place with a sympathetic heart toward the Irish people. Not long after his arrival in Ireland he entered into friendly conference with certain Irish Nationalists and landlords, the result of which was what has been called the Dunraven scheme, involving a moderate concession of Home Rule. This action on the part of Sir Antony was taken with the knowledge of the Lord Lieutenant, and, as Sir Antony evidently believed, with that of Mr. Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland. The publication of the details of the Dunraven scheme evoked a storm of protests from Ulster and within the Conservative ranks, menacing enough to alarm Mr. Balfour, and a statement was made for the Ministry that Sir Antony MacDonnell had gone beyond his authority, and that he had been reprimanded. He was not, however, called upon to resign. The situation puzzled the critics of the Under-Secretary, and was later cleared up by the fact that Sir Antony had really acted under the authorization of his superiors, and that he held letters justifying all he had done. When these letters were brought out in Parliament, there was the sharpest kind of a debate, and a small crisis followed. The Lord Lieutenant declared in a letter that Sir Antony had not gone beyond his authority, and a letter from Mr. Wyndham showed that that official was quite well aware of Sir Antony's negotiations with the Irish Reform Association, though the wish was expressed that the meeting should be kept quiet. More definite still were certain letters of Sir Antony's written at the time of his appointment as Under-Secretary, in which he put himself on record as having strong Irish principles; and he went so far as to say that though he did not see eye to eye with the Government in all matters of Irish administration, he felt it his duty to accept office because he thought it would afford him a chance of rendering some service to Ireland. Mr. Wyndham's reply was, in effect, an unqualified acceptance of Sir Antony's terms, and contained a direct statement that he had interpreted the purpose of Sir Antony's letters to the Prime Minister, and received his concurrence. Under these circumstances the plea that Sir Antony had acted beyond his authority and that the Government had reprimanded him was received with derision by the Irish members and with scorn by the Tories who were in full pack at Mr. Balfour's heels. Mr. Wyndham has therefore gone out of the Cabinet, although Sir Antony MacDonnell still remains Under-Secretary. Mr. Wyndham's withdrawal from a Cabinet which has already lost Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir John Gorst, Mr. Elliott, Lord George Hamilton, and the Duke of Devonshire, is ominous. The Ministerial majority against the amendment to the address moved by an Irish Nationalist was cut down to forty-four, and some days later reduced to twenty-four—a perilously narrow margin when the former majority of the Ministry is recalled.

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The Interborough Strike

Complete and almost immediate failure was the result of the unwise and impolitic strike of the subway and elevated road employees of the Interborough Company in New York City. The reasons are evident: many of the men were really indifferent or opposed to a strike, but were carried away by the excitement and the oratory of the leaders; the support of the National organizations with which the local unions are connected had not been obtained; the motormen were striking chiefly in sympathy with the other employees and in the face of an agreement between themselves and their employers; the guards, ticket-sellers, and ticket-choppers do work which can be easily learned, and the hundreds of strike-breakers brought to the city by the Company filled these places quickly; public sentiment seemed to favor the Company rather than the men, and public comfort and safety urged instant relief. When Mr. Stone, the head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, declared that the contract of 1904 between the Company and the motormen was binding, that the motormen had no grievances that could not have been adjusted, and that members of the Brotherhood continuing on strike would be expelled, he dealt a fatal blow

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at the strike; and when President Mahon, of the Amalgamated Association's general association, took similar ground, and this in turn was followed by the revocation of the charter of the local subdivision of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the hopelessness of the struggle was beyond question. One by one the strikers began to apply for their old positions, and were told that they could be accepted only as if they were new men, to follow the regular course of promotion and salary scale, and that the strike-breakers, if efficient, would not be discharged merely to make room for the old men. The public suffered with the proverbial American patience and good humor the really serious inconvenience to which it was put, and as a rule praised the efficiency with which trains were run as fast and as often as the crippled condition of the roads permitted, and, even when inveighing against professional strike-breakers, admitted that the officers of the road showed promptness and energy in restoring the service. Two serious accidents happened by which many people were injured, and there were, as was to be expected, numerous minor casualties. The violence was confined chiefly to the acts of strike sympathizers in disturbing the men at work and in disorderly conduct when riding on the cars.

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The Strike and the Public

Had this strike been well organized and well led it might have almost paralyzed work and travel in New York. As in the coal strike, the party really most interested and most injured was the public itself. What, then, is the remedy and protection against such an injury? An attempt at settlement by strike is an appeal to force. Public sentiment is a vague influence, incapable of passing on the merits of such a controversy in detail. Who shall say with certainty in this case, for instance, whether the Company was right in asserting that the motormen had violated their contract, or the men right in saying that the Company had first violated the contract by denying the promised rest of fifteen minutes between trips and in other ways; whether the Company was right in insisting upon the standard railway physical test, or the men in saying that a practical road test is better; whether nine hours' work for motormen and train hands is enough, as the men claim, or whether running schedules make this impracticable, as the Company asserts; whether the General Manager, Mr. Hedley, did or did not dismiss men solely because they were union leaders; whether or not $1.85 a day is a fair wage for a guard after four years' service? All these and other points raised are debatable, but at present they can be settled only by the absolute will of the employer, or by a trial of strength in a strike, or by mutual concession through voluntary arbitration—the last a capital course when employer and employee really want harmony, but too often a failure when the one believes in breaking down union organization and the other is led by ambitious demagogues. Among the best suggestions for dealing with such questions, where public utilities and public service are concerned, are those in the report of the Canadian Strike Commission of 1903, which was very fully outlined in The Outlook when it appeared. The Commissioners doubted whether a compulsory arbitration law relating to industries generally was possible, but declared that this mode of settling disputes ought to be resorted to whenever a strike or lockout reaches such dimensions as seriously to affect the public and after other means have been exhausted. The suggestions made were that the authorities (and specifically in this case the Governor-in-Council) should have authority to notify the parties that unless the dispute is settled by a date to be fixed, it should be referred to a court which should have power summarily to investigate and try the case, and to give a decision and award binding for not over a year. The plan was to have this jurisdiction exercised without its being invoked by either party and whenever the general public welfare and public necessity should demand. Whether the solution of such problems lies in this direction or in the direction of the measures now in force in New Zealand, or whether some entirely different method may be found,

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seems as yet indeterminate; but it is an inevitable thing that the future of industrial America must find in one way or another some solution by which the public at large may be protected.

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The Strike and Municipal Ownership

The New York "Evening Post" argues that the unreasonableness of this strike and the dangers and serious inconvenience to the public ensuing from it constitute a conclusive argument against the municipal ownership and operation of street railways. The Outlook draws a contrary conclusion from the strike. Municipal operation of street railways, whatever inconveniences it might bring, would, in our opinion, be the most effective remedy against street railway strikes that could possibly be adopted. Such strikes as that of the employees of the Interborough Company generally result, in the last analysis, from the fact that the men feel that they have no other way of registering their disapproval of the spirit and methods of the management in control. A very large number of strikes are not strikes for dollars and cents at all, but strikes for a voice in the management. It is for this reason that so many employers are opposed to the union principle. They instinctively feel, and they frankly and not unnaturally say, that they cannot be dictated to by their employees. This fundamental cause of friction between workmen and managers is practically done away with in all municipal work. In the first place, the men or employees have always an opportunity to express themselves by petition to the Mayor or to the Board of Aldermen or through the ballot. This in itself is a very efficient safety-valve for any fancied or real causes of complaint. In the second place, the employees or workmen feel that they are a real component part of the corporation for which they are working; they are, as taxpayers and citizens, really stockholders in the concern, and each man has a voice in the election of the board of directors. In the third place, the rate of wages is always a little higher and the hours of labor a little lower in city work than in similar employment by private corporations. This removes one of the causes of friction at least. It is quite true, as the opponents of municipal operation and ownership say, that more men will have to be employed at higher wages and at shorter hours to maintain the same number of trains and the same efficiency as that maintained by a private corporation. But is it not better that the taxpayer should get to his office with a little less rapidity during eleven months of the year, and avoid the danger of being maimed by collisions or shocked to death by electricity during the twelfth month? It is a fair question, too, whether the burden of the taxpayer will not be lessened rather than increased by the municipal operation of street railroads in spite of the higher rate of wages usually paid by the city. For the profits which are now paid in the form of dividends, often upon inflated capital, might then, with fairly respectable management, be turned into the tax fund. As to the argument that this is Socialism and establishes a dangerous precedent, it may be said in reply that the maintenance by the city of a fire department, water-works, and a public school system is Socialism. With all the defects of our present water system, we do not hear any more complaints of its expense or its inefficiency than we do of the gas or electric-light service which is furnished by private corporations.

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Vestibules for Electric Cars

A law passed two years ago requires all electric surface cars in New York State, except in the boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn, to be provided with vestibules or hoods to protect the motormen from exposure to severe weather. The sufferings of these men in New York City during the exceptionally severe winter just past have led to the introduction of bills in the Legislature at Albany to compel the companies in the excepted boroughs to equip their cars with protecting vestibules. The companies object, saying that public safety will not permit the use of a glass screen in front of the motorman in the crowded streets of New York City; that the glass would become

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obscured in cold, foggy, or stormy weather, thus interfering with the motorman's vision; that in order to enable him to see in front at night, a curtain behind him, preventing reflections from the lights within the car, would be necessary; that the vestibule would interfere with the hearing by the motorman of warning noises in the street, with the entrance and exit of passengers, etc. They also deny that the health of the motormen is affected by the exposure to the weather, affirm that the men themselves are not in favor of the vestibules, and claim that they are not actuated by motives of economy in refusing to equip their cars with the vestibules. In reply it is urged that the motormen themselves are circulating a petition favoring the passage of a law requiring vestibules; that several representative motormen have appeared before the Legislature at Albany in favor of the law; that in private conversation with the men they generally approve of the vestibules, and cite numerous cases of frostbite, sickness, and even death as a result of exposure on unprotected cars during storms; that the experience of cities such as Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis shows that the vestibules do not interfere with public safety; that the objections of the companies as to curtains, hearing, etc., are mainly theoretical, and disproved by practical experience elsewhere; that in foggy weather a panel in the window could easily be opened and give the motorman unobstructed vision; and that vestibules can be made, as in St. Louis, that will actually facilitate the entrance and exit of passengers. Protecting hoods are used on the cars in the Bronx, the companies admit, with satisfactory results; but they were applied only as a result of the passage of a law requiring it. It seems to The Outlook that if, as the companies say, the expense of equipping their cars with vestibules would not be great, they might well make a concession to public opinion and try the experiment, relying on the experience of other large cities to show that humanity to motormen can be combined with safety for the traveling public. It would seem, moreover, that if safety for the public is a prime consideration with the companies, they should put power brakes on their cars, thus enabling motormen to stop them more quickly, in case of necessity, than with the present old-fashioned hand brakes in use on the cars in New York City. The bills before the Legislature, presented by Assemblyman Pendry and by Senator Martin, will, we hope, receive careful and disinterested attention at the hands of the Legislature, and, if passed, the approval of Governor Higgins.

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The Government's Report on the Beef Trust

The long-expected report of the Bureau of Corporations on a portion of the resolution adopted by the House of Representatives one year ago relative to the meat industry of the United States was transmitted to Congress by President Roosevelt on the day before adjournment. The sensational features heralded by the newspapers were not forthcoming. In fact, most of the daily newspapers either did not examine the complete report or did not understand it. As the Department of Justice is now actively prosecuting the beef "combine" for a violation of Judge Grosscup's injunction, it would have been manifestly imprudent to publish evidence already obtained by the Government bearing upon the charges of discrimination, suppression of competitive bidding for cattle on the hoof, and other matters covered by the resolution. It is believed in Washington that Commissioner Garfield's conclusions on these points have been transmitted to the Attorney-General. The report as sent to Congress deals with the prices of cattle and dressed beef, the margins between such prices, and the organization, conduct, and profits of the corporations engaged in the beef-packing business. In some respects the conclusions presented are distinctly favorable to the packers; in others, quite as unfavorable. It appears that the profits of the six great companies whose operations were covered by the investigation were very much smaller during the years 1902 and 1903 than the public had been led to suppose—that, in fact, for a part of that period the business was conducted at an actual loss. The percentage of profit on the gross

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volume of business during the years 1902–4 was comparatively low. That realized by Swift & Co. is placed at two per cent. This, however, we repeat, is the percentage on total sales, which is a very different thing from profit on the investment. It is a well-known fact that the actual capitalization of the packing companies is very much less than the annual volume of business. From statements made by the six companies to the Bureau of Corporations it appears that their gross business is not less than $700,000,000 per year, while their nominal capitalization is only $88,000,000, exclusive of $5,000,000 bonds of Swift & Co. On the other hand, it is practically impossible, as the report shows, to determine accurately just what proportion of the total investment represents plants and properties concerned with the beef industry exclusively. Still, it is obvious that Swift & Co.'s net profit of two per cent. on their sales would amount to very much more than two per cent. on their investment. The report makes an approximate estimate of twelve per cent. On one other count the report is favorable to the companies. It declares that they are apparently not overcapitalized. This conclusion, it is true, is robbed of some of its exculpatory force when the private-car system is taken into consideration. It is shown that the companies' profits on refrigerator cars, derived from mileage paid by the railroads, has ranged from 14 to 22 per cent. The report gives clear and definite information as to the trust's field of operations. It shows that the six companies slaughtered in 1903 only about 45 per cent. of all the cattle killed in that year, but that these companies slaughter nearly 98 per cent. of all the cattle killed in the leading Western packing centers, and that they control a large percentage of the trade in beef in many large cities—75 per cent. in New York, 85 per cent. in Boston, 95 per cent. in Providence, and in a number of other important cities from 50 to 90 per cent. In all these centers of population the consumer is now paying more for meats than ever before, while the cattle-grower on the Western plains is receiving less for his beeves. These two facts are doubtless capable of explanation, but the published results of the investigation ordered by Congress throw little light on the matter.

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The Santo Domingo Treaty

The special session of the Senate now has under its consideration the amended Santo Domingo treaty which has been reported favorably from the Committee on Foreign Affairs. This report was made by a strictly party vote, and if party lines are maintained as required in the final vote, it will be impossible for the treaty to secure the necessary majority. Reports from Washington, however, indicate that some Democrats may vote for the passage; and the prospects that the treaty may be ratified the present week are considered good. The principal amendment to the treaty was the omission from the preamble of the sentences (already quoted in The Outlook) which refer to the general application of the Monroe Doctrine and declare that the Dominican Government is "in imminent peril and urgent menace of intervention on the part of other nations." These amendments remove some of the objections felt by Senators to the treaty. In resubmitting the treaty, as required by the fact that this is a new session of the Senate, President Roosevelt briefly but forcibly restated the benefits to the United States and to Santo Domingo itself in securing stability, order, and prosperity; declared that this treaty offers the only method for preventing the collection of fraudulent debts, to whomever owed; and again clearly pointed out that if we allow other nations to seize custom-houses in Santo Domingo and collect the debts due their citizens without taking any action ourselves, the claims of American citizens will be put behind others possibly exorbitant or unjust, and would stand a poor chance of being paid at all. Secretary Hay has issued a statement recording the negotiations for the first protocol made with Santo Domingo, in which he says that "nothing was known of the agreement of January 21 until it was learned through the medium of the public press that such a settlement had been signed in Santo Domingo," and that "it

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was never for a moment contemplated that there would not be submitted to the United States Senate at the proper time for its consideration a protocol or treaty embodying the essential features of the agreement."

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Kansas City's Charter Campaign

By the light vote of eleven to ten thousand, Kansas City, Missouri, last week rejected an excellent city charter framed by a board of freeholders. In spite of the unfortunate outcome, the history of the movement is not without interest. The present charter, adopted sixteen years ago, carries out the old theory of division of responsibility, with an elaborate system of checks and balances, and has become increasingly inadequate to the needs of a rapidly growing municipality. A "business" Mayor, elected a year ago on the theory that a satisfactory administration could be given by competent men under the present charter, soon discovered that its provisions prevented efficient work. In their eagerness to eliminate the possibility of fraud, the framers of that instrument had tied up municipal business under restrictions that provided interminable delays. Even the minor details of administrative work had to be considered by both branches of the Common Council. An energetic Board of Public Works, appointed by the new Mayor, found, for instance, that it required several months to secure the employment and discharge of a blacksmith who was needed for an emergency at the waterworks pumping station. A movement was already under way to secure a civil service amendment to the old charter when the Mayor and Council decided that the whole instrument would better be overhauled. Fortunately, the Missouri Constitution permits the larger cities of the State to frame their own charters, subject to the restrictions that the Common Council shall consist of two houses, and that the Police Department shall be under the control of a board appointed by the Governor. Therefore Kansas City was not compelled, as was Chicago at about the same time, to appeal for a Constitutional amendment permitting the revision of the charter, nor was it obliged to ask the Legislature to frame the instrument. The Mayor simply submitted a list of thirteen freeholders at the general election in November. No rival ticket was presented, and these men were unanimously elected. In accordance with the Constitutional provisions, they were required within ninety days to draft a charter and submit it to the Mayor, to be submitted to the voters at a special election a month later. The Board, constituted of former city officials, lawyers, and business men, was an admirable one, and its members worked intelligently and faithfully. All the important recent city charters were studied, and especial attention was given to the "model charter," published in the "Municipal Programme" of the National Municipal League. Several experts on municipal affairs were heard, including Professor F. J. Goodnow and Professor F. A. Cleveland, of New York, and Dr. A. C. Abbott and Professor L. S. Rowe, of Philadelphia.

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Municipal Progress

While the proposed charter presented no radical features, a comparison of it with the instrument which it was intended to supersede indicates the progress that has been made in the science of municipal government in American cities within the last few years. The board which framed the charter of 1889 was constituted of good men, but the conception of a civil service based on the merit system apparently did not occur to it. The first resolution adopted by the new board was in favor of the merit system in every department. In the opinion of the Kansas City freeholders, the experience of other cities had demonstrated that the great defect of the merit system as ordinarily applied lies in the difficulty of getting rid of inefficient employees, who can be discharged only for cause after a hearing. The new Kansas City charter permitted the heads of departments to "discharge for the good of the service," but restricted appointments to the first name on the eligible list. At the request of the person discharged, a statement of

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the reason for discharge was to be filed with the Civil Service Commission appointed by the Mayor, and if the Commission found that the spirit of the law was being violated, it might recommend the offending official for removal to the Mayor or Council or other appointing power. The principle of centralizing authority and responsibility was everywhere regarded. The old charter subjects the Mayor's appointments to confirmation by the upper house of the Council; the new charter eliminated this restriction. The old charter vests the control of saloon licenses with the Police Board appointed by the Governor; the new put it in the hands of a board of three appointed by the Mayor, only one of whom should belong to the same political party as the Mayor, thus introducing home rule. The old charter allows the Mayor only an indirect control over the very important department of streets; the new permitted him to appoint the Street Commissioner, and authorized the city to own a plant for repairing streets. It provided, further, for the division of the city into districts, each under the supervision of a foreman, who was to be allotted for cleaning a sum conditioned on the assessed valuation of the district's property. The Mayor's term was continued at two years, and his salary was increased from $3,600 to $5,000. A "recall" provision and the initiative and referendum were excluded by the freeholders; the first as both too expensive and too radical for the community, the second as unconstitutional in Missouri. Some of the labor organizations, however, opposed the charter on the ground that with these omissions it represented no progress. But the chief opposition came from the professional politicians, who disliked the civil service articles; from the powerful brewers and the saloon men, who objected to the attempt to eliminate political "pull" from the excise board; and from wealthy property-owners who would have been affected by the abolition of the six per cent. rebate for prompt payment of taxes permitted by the present charter. Another source of strength to the opposition arose from the fact that fewer than half the registered voters went to the polls. The movement for a more efficient government for Kansas City is not to cease because of the reverse suffered in the charter's defeat. Advocates of the new charter expect to conduct a campaign of education, with the anticipation that within two years the adverse vote will be reconsidered. Meanwhile the Mayor proposes to submit some of the more important provisions of the new instrument in the form of amendments to the existing charter.

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The Case of Justice Hooker

The judiciary of this country, both State and National, is composed in general of men of such high character and integrity that when a judge of a high court is seriously accused of conduct reflecting upon his financial integrity and his honor and truthfulness it is a matter of National concern. The Committee on Judiciary of the New York Legislature is now engaged in an exhaustive examination of charges of this nature against Justice Warren B. Hooker, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. The charges have their source in the famous Bristow report on irregularities in the United States postal service. That report set forth with circumstantial detail irregularities and fraud in connection with the appointment of clerks and laborers, and the payment to private parties of exorbitant office rental at Dunkirk and Fredonia, New York. Justice Hooker's name was not mentioned in Mr. Bristow's report, but he had been Representative in Congress of the district which includes these towns for eight years previous to November 10, 1898, when he resigned to accept an appointment to the office which he now holds. The most serious accusations are that Justice Hooker caused the appointment as a laborer in the Fredonia post-office, at a salary of six hundred dollars a year, of a man by the name of Ball, who was a debtor to Mrs. Hooker for the sum of $3,085. This appointment is a matter of record, and it is stated to be also a matter of record that Ball's salary was paid, not to Ball himself, but to the Fredonia Bank, and went in liquidation of the note which represented Ball's indebtedness to Mrs.

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Hooker. Ball kept his position in the post-office for four years two months and twenty days, drawing in all $2,531.07. At one time Ball's status was changed from laborer to clerk, at the request of Justice Hooker, in a letter addressed by the latter to "Dear Beavers"—the Beavers afterwards criminally convicted of corruption—in which the writer said, "I have a great interest in Mr. Ball." Another accusation is that Justice Hooker improperly exerted his influence to secure the appointment of his nephew, Maurice Hooker, as a laborer in the post-office. This nephew drew, for services which the post-office investigation shows he never rendered, six hundred dollars. During the entire period of his connection with the post-office he was a student at a school in a neighboring town. He, however, employed a substitute for a brief period, at a cost of one hundred and fifty dollars. The State Bar Association, at a meeting which the accusers of Justice Hooker assert was packed by his friends and political supporters, by a vote of 94 to 84 "whitewashed" Justice Hooker by resolving that the report of the Grievance Committee be received and filed, and "that no further action be taken by this Association thereon or with reference thereto." They did, however, add that "the Association disapproves of all such political practices as are disclosed by the report in this case." The ground of their final action in the case is stated by the New York State Bar Association to be that the matters in question were "in no way connected with the judicial office or with judicial functions," and that "no charge was made or proof given of any incompetency of Justice Hooker in his judicial capacity since he has assumed his judicial office." That is to say, if the acts charged against Justice Hooker were committed by him, they were committed when he was a Congressman and before he became a judge. It should be added that Justice Hooker, after this action of the State Bar Association, which certainly ought to have been unsatisfactory to any man of spirit or of a high sense of personal honor, wrote to the speaker of the Assembly asking for the official investigation which is now in progress. The honor of the entire bench and bar of the State of New York, as well as the personal honor of Justice Hooker himself, demands that this investigation be thorough, impartial, and untrammeled. We hope that the very large body of able and upright lawyers in this State will take it upon themselves to follow this matter until it is definitely settled either for an honorable acquittal or a decisive conviction. It is possible to have business dealings with a tolerably honest merchant, but a tolerably honorable Justice of the Supreme Court of the greatest State in the Union ought really to be intolerable.

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South Africa in 1905 It is remarkable, but at the same time only to be expected, that while three years ago the English newspapers teemed with long letters from South Africa, to-day the newspaper-reading constituencies in England are satisfied with the briefest of cablegrams from Cape Town, Durban, Maritzburg, Johannesburg, Pretoria, and Bloemfontein. Most of these cablegrams concern the mines. From Durban there are cablegrams reporting the number of Chinese coolies arrived *en route* for the Rand, just as there are daily reports to the Cotton Exchange in Liverpool of the number of bales of cotton *en route* for Lancashire. Yet much that is interesting—much that is making history—is going forward in other of the South African colonies besides the Transvaal. In Cape Town the second session of the Parliament elected in 1903 is now in progress, and Dr. Jameson, as the successor to Sir Gordon Sprigg in the Premiership of Cape Colony, is making a much better record as a constructive statesman than might have been expected in view of his part in the disgraceful raid of 1896. In 1904 Dr. Jameson carried several Acts of Parliament making retrenchments in expenditures and adding to the Government revenues. In spite of the traditional Boer hostility to excise duties on Cape-made brandies and wines, Dr. Jameson carried an excise act; also a measure putting an end to the political injustice from which the coast cities had long suffered under the old system of

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Parliamentary representation. This session the Government is busy with equally important measures. One of these is aimed at the excessive freight rates and the rebate system of the South African shipping ring. By another bill the diamond industry at Kimberley is to be made to contribute largely to the colonial revenue, and by still another measure much-needed reforms are to be effected in the public school system. Retrenchment, as in 1904, is still the order, for times are bad in Cape Colony; and instead of immigrants being welcomed in tens of thousands, as Mr. Chamberlain predicted they would be all over South Africa when the war was over and everybody in the Transvaal had votes, Government warnings are now published at every post-office in Great Britain cautioning emigrants to go anywhere under the sun rather than to South Africa.

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Opening Out of Zululand

In Natal trade is no better than in Cape Colony, and although war-boom rents and prices no longer prevail, prices are still much above the level of 1897–98, the two years which immediately preceded the war. As a consequence, old and well-established business and industrial concerns are now stationary, and no new industrial enterprises are being started. Zululand is now part of Natal and is to be opened out for settlement this year. Here again Natal has had a disappointment, for the Colonial Office in London has insisted that out of the 6,688,000 acres in Zululand, 3,707,000 acres—more than half—shall be retained permanently as native reserves and closed to white colonization. Natal objected to this division of the rich and fertile Zulu lands between black and white. It contended that too much was set aside for the natives; but, following the traditional British policy of safeguarding native agrarian interests, the Colonial Office would not recede from the division made by the Delimitation Commission. Rhodesia, notwithstanding the enormous area of land available for colonization, still continues to attract but few immigrants from Great Britain; and except for the intermittent agitation for deposing the Chartered Company and setting up a system of popular government like that of Cape Colony or Natal, railway-building is the only noteworthy development in Rhodesia since the war. There is now railway communication from Cape Town to Victoria Falls. Early this spring the great single-span bridge over the Zambesi River, half a mile below the Falls, was opened for traffic. Railhead was then at Kalomo, north of the Zambesi, and before 1905 comes to an end the southern portion of the Cape to Cairo line will have been carried to Broken Hill, which is 350 miles beyond Victoria Falls. The intercolonial questions just now to the front are a closer federation of all the South African Government-owned railways and the establishment of a Court of Appeals which shall serve all five colonies—Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony, the Transvaal, and Rhodesia.

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The Arbitration Treaties

Only a Word

Why, asks the critic, should the President refuse to submit the amended arbitration treaties to the nations concerned? The Senate has adopted the treaties as negotiated, with the exception of the alteration of a single word.[1] This question of the critic recalls the story told of an English cynic who said that he would gladly subscribe to the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed provided he could take the "nots" out of the Ten Commandments and add them to the Apostles' Creed. He proposed only to make the change of a single word.

The verbal change which the Senate has made in the arbitration treaties is nearly as revolutionary as that proposed by the English cynic. The general arbitration treaties provide that "in each individual case the High Contracting Parties, before appealing to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, shall

[1] "It was a small matter—the substitution of a word of undisputed meaning for one as to which in uninformed minds questions might arise."—*New York Times*. March 4.

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conclude a special agreement defining clearly the matter in dispute, the scope of the powers of the arbitrators, and the periods to be fixed for the formation of the Arbitral Tribunal, and the several stages of the procedure." The Senate substituted the word "treaty" for the word "agreement." By this substitution it requires that each individual case that may arise between the United States and the foreign Powers shall be made the subject of a special treaty. In other words, it repudiates absolutely and entirely all possibility of a general arbitration treaty. Let us see what this means.

International arbitration is no new thing. It has been practiced among the nations for something like a century. Arbitration is "the hearing and determination of a cause between parties in controversy by a person or persons chosen by the parties." For a century, nations, after they have gotten into a controversy, have chosen arbitrators, and have left the controversy to these arbitrators for decision. What is new in international life is the substitution of a Permanent Court with settled forms of procedure, to which as a matter of course international differences will be submitted, as individual differences are submitted as a matter of course to permanent courts in the State. What the Senate has decided is that this Nation will have nothing to do with this substitution of a Permanent Court for the settlement of controversies between nations; that it will adhere to the old practice of submitting each difference as it arises, and after it has arisen, when it sees fit, and not otherwise; that it will enter into no general agreement with the nations of Europe to submit even specified differences of a certain class to the Court which the nations of the earth, including the United States, have agreed to constitute. This is a very serious decision, and the importance of it ought to be recognized by the people of the United States. If they did recognize it, we believe their voice would be heard in vigorous protest.

There is a radical distinction between submitting a difference, when it arises, to arbitration, and agreeing to submit all differences, or all differences of a certain class, to a Permanent Court of justice.

In arbitration proceedings, ordinarily, no plans are made for the settlement of the controversy until it arises. When such a controversy arises, whether between individuals or between nations, each attempts to persuade the other that the other is wrong. As the argument between the two proceeds, each becomes more and more convinced that he is in the right. Self-interest and pride of opinion cloud the judgment. Prejudices are intensified, and not infrequently passion is inflamed. Where great bodies of men are concerned, two nations, or a trades-union on the one hand and a corporation on the other, these difficulties are increased. A body of men is less able to comprehend a problem than is a single individual. It forms its opinion on half-knowledge or on false reports. Its prejudices and its passions are often fanned by partisans and demagogues. By and by the peril of a war becomes imminent. Then to avoid that peril it is agreed to leave the question to arbitrators. One party selects one arbitrator, the other another, and either a third party, or these two arbitrators select a third arbitrator. The court as thus constituted shares more or less the prejudices and the passions of the two contending parties. The trades-union has selected a man whose interests are all for the labor cause; the corporation, a man whose interests are all with capital; England, an Englishman whose interests are English; America, an American whose interests are American. The question at issue is not submitted to an impartial tribunal. It is submitted to a tribunal of which only one member, the third arbitrator or umpire, is really impartial.

As a consequence the result of arbitration is ordinarily a compromise. When the question is simply financial, this method, despite its imperfections, is immeasurably better than war. If it is a question of wage, the arbitration committee gives less wages than the union want and more than the corporation was willing to give. If it is a claim of the nation for damages, the arbitration committee is likely to give less

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than one nation asks and more than the other nation concedes. But if the question is one which cannot be settled by compromise, arbitration does not work so well. If the trades-union demands a closed shop, and the corporation an open shop, compromise is impossible. The shop must be either closed or open; it cannot be partly closed, partly open. If the question is whether America shall come to the succor of Cuba and relieve it from the despotism of Spain, compromise is impossible. Arbitration cannot decide that Cuba shall be part of the time under the despotism of Spain and part of the time independent, or that the despotism of Spain shall be mitigated in certain particulars, but its authority unchanged.

Arbitration thus has three defects as a peace-making measure: first, it does not begin to operate until the controversy between the parties has become acute; second, the tribunal itself, as ordinarily constituted by the choice of the parties, shares to a greater or less extent in the passions and the prejudices engendered by the controversy; third, the conclusion of the arbitrators is of necessity almost invariably in the nature of a compromise, and hence arbitration is unavailable when compromise is impossible.

The Permanent Court is free from these defects. The fact that such a Court is in existence, to which the parties will of course appeal for a settlement of their difference, if they cannot settle it themselves, tends to make the controversy between them less acute, the prejudices less intense, the passions less inflamed. The whole negotiation, whether between individuals or between nations, is conducted with the recognition of a Court in the background to which the parties will appeal if they cannot agree. This Court is known to be an impartial tribunal. It does not share the passions and prejudices of either party. It has not the special interests of either party at heart. It is constituted for the express purpose of regarding with unprejudiced vision all questions which may come before it. And in all civilized countries there is a general faith in the justice of the Court's intent, if not always in the wisdom of its decisions. And therefore this Court is available for the settlement of those questions in which, in the nature of the case, compromise is impossible.

The object of the Hague Tribunal was to substitute such a Permanent Court for the temporary arbitration commissions which had been before constituted from time to time. It was to incorporate among the nations of the earth a body which should be for the adjustment of their difficulties what the Supreme Court of the United States is for the adjustment of difficulties between States, what a State court is for the adjustment of difficulties between individuals. It is not, properly speaking, a court of arbitration at all, because it is not chosen by the parties to a controversy after the controversy has arisen. It is a Permanent Court free from the passions and prejudices of the parties in the embroilment which has arisen between them. Its existence marks a new step in the progress of the world toward permanent peace. It is not a mere extension of international arbitration; it is a substitution of judicial procedure for arbitration.

This is the significance of the Hague Tribunal. It has been said that the creation of the Supreme Court of the United States is the greatest contribution which the United States has made to the political life of the world, because it has demonstrated the possibility of adjustment of differences between States by the appeal to reason instead of by the appeal to force. The Hague Tribunal is in this respect modeled after the Supreme Court of the United States. It is an attempt to create a tribunal which shall be to the nations of the world what the Supreme Court of the United States is to the States of the Union, an impartial tribunal to which nations may refer the differences which arise between them. Its object is to substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to force. Reason may determine which party is right; force never can determine anything other than which party is the stronger. It is sometimes of the first importance to determine which of two parties is the stronger—as when one party is a police force and the other is a mob, or one

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represents the government and the other an insurrection against the government. But victory does not determine which is right, the revolutionists or the government; it only determines which is stronger.

But it is in vain to constitute a permanent tribunal to which nations may refer their differences, unless the nations agree to refer their differences to this tribunal. There is no international power to compel such submission by a reluctant nation, as there is in the State a police power to compel the submission of the individual to the State court, and as there is in the United States a Federal army to compel the submission of the State to the Supreme Court of the United States. If the court of the Hague is to accomplish the peaceful purposes for which it was created, it must be followed by a general agreement among the nations of the earth to submit their differences to this tribunal. The United States has already agreed to submit a certain class of differences, whenever they arise between the United States and the South American Republics, to this Permanent Court. Certain other Powers have expressed their willingness to submit all of a certain class of differences to this Permanent Court for settlement. These Powers are Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Portugal, Italy, Mexico, and Denmark. The differences which they agree to submit are very carefully defined. They are those "of a legal nature, or relating to the interpretation of treaties," provided "they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the two Contracting States, and do not concern the interests of third parties."

The United States has already, by participating in the Hague Convention, agreed that such differences ought to be submitted to a Permanent Court; and has declared its conviction that this is both the most expeditious and the most equitable method of settling them. But the Senate, acting for the United States, declares that the Nation is not willing to make any general agreement to do what it has already said ought to be done. It has practically declared that the United States will make no general agreement to submit any class of difficulties to the Hague Tribunal for final settlement. It has insisted that every case shall be passed on by the Senate of the United States when it arises. In other words, it has refused to adopt the principle of a Permanent Court for the settlement of even a limited number of carefully defined differences between the United States and European Powers, although it has adopted this principle for the settlement of differences between the United States and South American Powers. In answer to the proposal of the European nations that we enter into a general agreement to substitute for the appeal to force, or to special commissions of arbitration created from time to time, an appeal to a Permanent Court for the settlement of international difficulties, even under very narrow limitations, the Senate replies: The only agreement we will make is that "we agree that we will agree when we agree to agree."

Do the American people like this action of the Senate, which takes the United States out of the vanguard of civilization and transfers it to the rear-guard, which declares that in this beginning of the twentieth century it must still adhere to the methods which were in vogue at the beginning of the nineteenth?

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A Lenten Meditation

The earliest believers in the Christ beyond the boundaries of Judea found themselves entangled at every step in peril of betraying their faith. Society was penetrated by pagan beliefs which had become personal and public customs. The old poetic religion, which had inspired poets and sculptors and filled the little classic world of the time with beautiful images of gods and men, had become a mass of forms, and those forms confronted the Roman Christian at every turn. He could not marry, christen his children, bury his dead, observe the festivals of the State, without making himself accessory to an idolatry which was not the less offensive because, unlike the idolatry of the East, it was saturated with beauty and expressed in terms of art. The Christian became,

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first of all, a protester against the religious order in which he was involved; at every step he was compelled to place himself in antagonism to the beliefs and customs of the society in which he lived. That society had become shamelessly corrupt: the ancient sanctions of the Olympian religion and the old-time authority of noble moral ideals had lost their power. Nameless crimes against nature were practiced without reproof; marriage had become the subject of satire and ridicule; personal purity, in great and influential groups of people, was a rustic superstition outgrown by all who knew the world and had learned its wisdom. In such a society a man who believed in Christ could not escape contamination unless he set himself boldly against the whole movement of his time, or escaped to the desert or to lonely places and became an anchorite. The long and honorable roll of the martyrs registered the decision and fidelity of those who had seen the vision of the Christ and set their hearts to do his bidding. And a little later, when the evil in the world became intolerable to many of the pure in heart, tens of thousands turned their backs on the world and lived in prayer and meditation in the valley of the Nile, in lonely places among the hills, in the solitude of deserts. Believing the world hopelessly corrupt and lost, they saved their souls by escaping from it into the pure air of remote and solitary places uncontaminated by the vileness of man's corruption. They were filled with so great a horror of sin that they fled from it as from a plague. They did not find the perfect peace for which they longed, because there was evil in their own natures as well as in the world about them; but they chose, in a spirit of true self-sacrifice, to keep their purity and their faith at the cost of all intercourse with their fellows. It was the evil penetrating society and defiling all its relations and functions which crowded the arenas with men and women who were not afraid to die for the truth, and sent a host into voluntary exile. This was the first revolt of believers in Christ against the evil in the world; the first struggle between sin and holiness in the history of the non-Jewish church.

A Lack of Capacity

We clip from the New York "Sun" the following letter:

TO ABOLISH HOLIDAYS!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Can't some sense be beaten into the heads of our legislators, and a bill be put through at Albany abolishing these gloomy, depressing, heartbreaking periods of artificially suspended animation known as holidays?

Sundays are pretty bad, and their dullness drives many a man to drink who would otherwise behave reasonably well. (There, by the way, is the real argument against Sunday saloons. If it wasn't rather difficult to get a drink on Sundays, the whole male population would be boiling full at 12 o'clock noon, or earlier, weekly.) I suppose we can't abolish Sundays, but can't we stop the foolish habit of plunging ourselves into gloom at irregular intervals with no excuse at all?

Our distinguished friend Mr. Washington and his successor, Mr. Lincoln, knew how to have a good time and enjoyed it. I'm sure they don't feel very highly honored if they know we celebrate their greatness by making ourselves uncomfortable and unhappy.

I don't love all my fellow-citizens, but they're a bearable lot, except on days set apart for holidays. Nothing is more depressing than an American community unoccupied by business. Even New York gets stupid on a day like to-day.

ALEXANDER T. LITEHART.

New York, February 22.

This writer is not to be taken too seriously; yet, despite his evident *nom de plume*, his letter represents a type—happily a diminishing type. The difficulty with such men is that they lack capacity—capacity to enjoy themselves, capacity to enter into the enjoyments of others. Their capacity is limited to a very narrow field; their horizon is their office or their shop; the only stage they know, their desks; their only library, account-books; their only pleasurable activity, money-making.

If this writer on Washington's or Lincoln's birthday had gone up to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, he would have found there throngs of men and women and children looking at the pictures, or the rare china and glass, or studying the curious musical instruments, or getting a little notion of ancient or foreign life by looking at the antiques recovered from the one or the models interpreting the other. If he were to ask himself why all these people found

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the holiday instructive and inspiring, and he found it gloomy, depressing, heartbreaking, the only answer would be, Lack of capacity.

Or he might go across Central Park to the Natural History Museum, where he would find another crowd, catalogues in hand, studying the birds and quadrupeds, the flowers and woods of different portions of our country, and learning something of the habits of the former and the character of the latter. And as he looked on their bright faces and looked in the glass at his own gloomy and depressed face and asked himself, Why this difference? the only possible answer would be, Lack of capacity.

Perhaps in crossing the park he would stop a minute and look down upon the lake covered with a group of skaters—boys and girls, men and young women, fathers with their children, lovers with their sweethearts, making the air musical with the melody of their voices and the ringing chimes of their laughter. And as he looked on this scene and asked himself the question why these Americans were having such a jolly time while he was gloomy and depressed, there would be again but one reply, Lack of capacity.

Or it may be a Sunday, and he follows the unformed procession which fills the sidewalk, and he lines in with a detachment of this great army into some church, and hears the quiet, cordial greetings of friends who rarely meet in this busy world except in the church porch, and listens to the joyous voices of the choir hymning some song of glad praise to the All-Father, and watches the eager, attentive faces of a congregation getting from some prophetic soul guidance, or comfort, or strength, or inspiration of hope and love for the future. If then he should ask himself why he finds this, what is to others a "day of rest and gladness," depressing and heartbreaking to himself, the answer would still have to be, Lack of capacity.

To thousands of Americans who have capacity a holiday means opening the doors and windows of their life and letting in the fresh air and the bright sunshine; it means ceasing for a day to be a bit of machinery, and enjoying the liberty of being a free man; it means a leisurely home meal, a chance to get acquainted with one's wife and children and friends; it means forgetting for a day to make money, and making life instead; it means untethering, a broader horizon, a freer range, turning a new page in the book of life and reading a new story there; it means rest, refreshment, re-creation, reinvigoration. No doubt there are men to whom it means only a gloomy, depressing, heartbreaking period of artificially suspended animation. It is well occasionally to hear from such a man, to know that such men exist, to see what narrowness of vision and dullness of emotion a life wholly given to business produces, to have our pity aroused for the unhappy wight who lacks the capacity to enjoy himself or to appreciate the enjoyment of those who do enjoy themselves.

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The Spectator

Even age has its advantages. The Spectator is entering upon that comfortable period of life when he can speak of his past with dignity, there being enough of it to be worth mentioning; and he begins to realize that with the dignity come certain privileges. For years his literary coffers have been bursting with material—material which cried out to be used, and yet material which he could not in honor put into print. The Spectator was never one to write up a friend alive—nor, for the matter of that, an enemy either. But, with the shiftings and winnowings of the years, the motive for silence has in large measure disappeared; the obligation is outlawed. He feels that he may without indiscretion turn gossip.

❀

He proposes to begin by divulging the secrets of a certain prison-house, a little airless, two-by-twice den at the top of a tall stair, in which the Spectator spent some years of his young manhood passing upon "copy" intended for the Sunday edition of a great daily. Since that time he has known the feeling of a variety of editorial chairs, and of them

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all that one was the uneasiest. He had, of course, his serious-minded contributors. But there were people who regarded that paper in the light of a literary junk-shop, where all sorts of out-of-date or cast-off copy might be peddled to advantage. Now to the traditional standards of his paper the Spectator added certain youthful standards of his own. He was chary about accepting things, and the great army of would-be contributors were hard put to it to get themselves printed. It must be admitted that they showed a zeal worthy of a better cause. Resourceful, courageous, and persistent, they used in turn ruse and cajolery, force and guile, to break down the Spectator's guard.

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The Sunday editor had one strong defense—his stairs. The name of that triple flight was Natural Selection; only the fittest won to the top, and even such arrived broken in wind and chastened in spirit—reduced, as it were, to their lowest terms. It diminished somewhat the numerical odds against the Spectator. He needed all the advantage he got. He was daily assailed with bribes. A drawer in his table was half full of ante-diluvian-looking lychee nuts—offerings from those who had wanted to write up Chinatown—and once he had an Italian pie. He continually refused invitations to luncheon which would have biased his literary judgment. Sometimes the bribe was more subtle. He remembers finding on his desk a battered pasteboard box, which, opened, gave up a smothering fragrance, three sprays of wilted green, and a dozen stemless yellow blossoms. In better days these had been Southern smilax. Among the moist débris was the card of Maryland Jones, special writer, inscribed, "Just a breath of Southland." For a moment the Spectator feared he had surprised some tender secret; but no, the address read impersonally, "The Editor." The Spectator attacked his mail. Conspicuous in it was a manuscript tied with an appealing pink ribbon and signed Maryland Jones. The heart of the editor was not appropriately softened. The manuscript went back with a printed slip marked coldly, "Just a breath of Northland."

❀

This was amusing. But it was not so entertaining when friends of the Spectator's sought to suspend his literary judgment on personal grounds. Society women, having given him the entrée to their homes, could not understand why he declined their literary effusions, or the literary effusions of their impecunious friends. But if it was painful to refuse them, how much more painful to ignore the appeals of real need! The Spectator once received from a village in Vermont a manuscript entitled "An Appreciation of Plato," done in the polite and altogether featureless style of a bygone generation. In an accompanying note the writer begged to inform the editor that she was a person of refinement, her ancestors having come over in the Mayflower. Owing to reverses she would like a check by return mail. Had there been but one of her the Spectator would have sent the proud, hungry little soul her check and forgotten to print her Plato. But, alas! she was legion! That was a kindly mail which did not bring word of at least one poor wretch who for his misfortunes' sake claimed acceptance for his unprintable stuff.

❀

One day the boy ushered in a patriarchal gentleman, bearing, of course, a manuscript. He accepted a seat, dropped his voice to an impressive murmur, and said, "Sir, this article which you see in my hand was written by a beautiful young lady, *this* beautiful young lady"—drawing out a photograph. "Unfortunately, she is possessed to go on the stage. You know, sir, the temptations which assail a beautiful young lady on the stage. Now, if you should accept this article it would encourage her to stay quietly at home. Think, sir, the responsibility you assume if you reject it." There were times when the Spectator ran his hands through his hair and cried, "*Am* I the keeper of the health, wealth, and virtue of the universe, or am I not?"

❀

Some came not to proffer manuscripts, but to contribute them by main force.

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Said they, in effect, "You need scarcely trouble to examine this article, as it already has the approval of the greatest living authorities. It is an article which no editor can afford to be without." When the Spectator declined to be coerced, they not infrequently proposed to read him their productions in their entirety, or at least to give him a few choice samples. Balked in this charitable design, they sometimes grew abusive. Many's the literary tyro who has undertaken to tell the Spectator in so many words that he did not understand the conduct of a newspaper. And when he maintained that he proposed to run this particular department after his own fancy, they went away in a huff. But their manuscripts turned up again in the next morning's mail, the writers laboring under the impression that the editor must come to his senses over night.

❀

The Spectator scarcely dares to trust himself to speak of the office bore—the mild bore who could be diverted by a bait of magazines and papers, and the virulent bore who would not be turned aside, whose deliberate, oracular voice went tirelessly on, banishing work from the desks of all in the inner and outer sanctums alike. The topic is too painful. He remembers with less mental soreness those mild lunatics with scientific discoveries, secret codes, and the like, whose visits are a feature of life in a newspaper office. It seems but yesterday that the Spectator's door opened and a lean, lank, oddly dressed man tiptoed in and asked to see the editor—alone. When the assistant had gone, he drew a chair close to the Spectator's, seized his wrist in a tense grasp, and in blood-curdling tones murmured: "Sir, *I have great thoughts!*" The Spectator had almost said, "Is *that* all?" but caught himself in time, and, instead, remarked civilly: "Yes? And doubtless you have written them out and brought them with you." "Ah, sir," said the stranger, smiling sadly, "that is just the point, just the point. I have *not* written them out. I have indeed great thoughts, but such is the peculiar intensity of them that when I attempt to put them on paper they elude me, sir, they elude me! They vanish into thin air!" He loosed his hold on the Spectator's wrist, and sank into himself with an air of inconsolable dejection. "I see what you want," suggested the Spectator. "You need a collaborator." "Exactly! You have hit it exactly!" cried the genius, brightening. "I want a collaborator." The Spectator ran over the names of a half-dozen young men who might be trusted to grapple successfully with "the fiery and elusive idea." The brow of genius clouded. "Ah, sir," said the thinker of great thoughts, "you do not apprehend me. I seek—a *woman!*"

❀

There was for years a harmless madwoman who haunted the office hoping to sell the Spectator a scientific discovery. She had found out where microbes come from. She had taken a menial position as a housekeeper in order to have her mind free—alas for the house she kept!—for the contemplation of that puzzle, and at last she had the solution. "And where *do* they come from, madam?" the Spectator would ask to humor her. She came close and spoke in a thrilling whisper, "From the *mind!*"

❀

Such were the editor's days. It might be supposed that they came to a close when he shut his office door for the night. Not so. An editor on the street is a man running a gauntlet. Between the office and the car the Spectator would get a freezing bow from a man whose sacred comma he had inadvertently left out; he would dodge into a book-store to avoid the stony glare of a lady whose encomiums upon her favorite pussy-cat had been returned to her unread, and fairly go round the block to escape a meeting with a man whose manuscript he had cut down. And was he safe in the sanctuary of home? Not while contributors had legs and houses door-bells. Only when black night, night the great emancipator, had come, did the writers cease from troubling, was the editor at rest.

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FRANCE IS TRANQUIL!!

Fifty-four years ago, just after the Coup d'État of Louis Napoleon, this cartoon appeared in the London "Punch." With acknowledgments to its famous contemporary, The Outlook begs to present it to its readers with a slightly altered title:

ST. PETERSBURG IS QUIET!

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ST. PETERSBURG IS QUIET![1]

The first of a series of articles from The Outlook's Special Correspondent in Russia

On Sunday, January 22, the soldiers of the Czar shot hundreds of Russian subjects, under Father Gapon, before the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. On Saturday, Jauuary 28, The Outlook's special representative sailed from New York, commissioned to study the Russian situation and report in a series of articles from first-hand information the facts relating to the greatest social and political upheaval since the French Revolution. At the time of our correspondent's departure from New York for Russia, via Paris and Berlin, no statement of his mission could be made in these columns, lest the Russian authorities (who, by wholesale censorship of copies of The Outlook going to subscribers in Russia, have clearly shown that this journal is not favorably regarded by them) might deport him on his arrival, as they deported Mr. Kennan a few years ago when he visited Russia as an American correspondent. For the same reason we do not now print our correspondent's name. But his first article, which appears below, is a sufficient guarantee that he is successfully accomplishing his mission.—THE EDITORS.

St. Petersburg, February 18.
Russian Calendar, February 5.

THIS place is a silent chaos. I came here a week ago to be many months in Russia. To begin with, I can give only a roughly linked chain of impressions.

As I drove from the station the streets—deep-covered with snow and crowded with little low sledges—were in striking contrast to Berlin and Paris. Men and women with old dirt-colored coats or cloaks or shawls, with rough caps and broad, coarse faces, walked slowly along. No Marseillaise rhythm here. Most of them paused at every gilt ikon to bow abjectly and make the signs which the Church commands. One woman paused longer, carefully fished out a coin from a tiny bag under her shawl and dropped it into the ikon box, while her ragged little girl stood impatiently shivering behind her. There were many funerals in the streets; I counted nine. Three had men in uniform who strode pompously in front bearing lighted lamps. I am told these lamps help the soul on its upward journey. The other six souls had no lamps, and their funerals were but poor affairs. One was simply a group of five—two workmen bearing between them a little box covered with fancy white paper, two dull-eyed women walking behind, while between them trudged a chubby youngster who kept staring with big round eyes at the box. From the church spires deep, rich bells were booming. But there were no street cries, no shrewd little newsies darting about, hardly a paper in sight—but uniforms by hundreds. Uniforms, ikons, poverty, quiet.

"Quiet? Yes, and so it has been," a bank official was telling me an hour later. "The foreign correspondents told the most absurd lies about that Sunday affair. I was here in this room at the time, and I did not even know that anything was going on."

"Strange," said an English correspondent to whom I told this soon after. "The troops charged up and down the street right under his window. They fired over there." He showed me scores of bullet dints in the walls two blocks away. "You must consider every man's motives in Petersburg," he added. "There are about a million lies told here daily. Go in there and you will hear another." I entered a wealthy shop across the street, found the proprietor, and told him I had just arrived from New York to describe a revolution. The proprietor smiled.

"The truth is," he said in French, "that very little has happened. To show you what lies can be told in this town—

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I was here during the so-called 'terrible riots,' and I knew nothing about them till evening."

"Strange," said my English friend in the street; "I was here that morning and saw all his shop windows barred. But what was it you heard in the New York papers?" I told him at luncheon. "About two-thirds true," was his comment. And from what I have heard since then this proportion seems a fair one.

After luncheon I had an hour with a Frenchman who for months had had business dealings with the Government.

"Get men we can do business with," he said, impatiently. "The present cabal, like the two hundred thousand bureaucrats beneath them, are not only corrupt—you have 'graft' enough in America—but these men are wholly inefficient besides. Their motives and minds were shown best when they induced the Czar to depose Witte, the only capable man among them. They did it by petty intrigues and scandals. We must get rid of the whole cabal; we must have new men from the zemstvos; we shall have the Zemsky Sobor soon—as inevitably as they had the Estates General in Paris. Through this vent-hole the nation will surge up, and the question is then—will the hole be large enough? Did you ever read the memoirs of our poor weak King Louis? On the morning of July 14th he wrote in his diary, 'To-day I went hunting. Nothing new.' And on the day when the Bastille fell he wrote, 'They say there is tumult in Paris. Rien de grave.' That was 1789. Last week I heard from high sources that the Czar knew all about the killing on Sunday, but it never entered his head that the people might resent it until five days after affairs grew so grave that he had to be told. He was amazed. Since then, like our Louis, he has vacillated constantly. These promises he has made are nothing. The cabal controls him. There is no man here. The whole system by its very nature chokes men and raises intriguers. The system must be changed. For five hundred years it has worked inevitably to this *impasse*. Sunday was only an incident. What I mean is deep as Russia itself. The very land is dying from mediæval treatment. Russia must die of inefficiency and ignorance, or else throw off its rulers. At present the revolution is—how do you say it?—battened down. For weeks—perhaps months—St. Petersburg is quiet."

On my city map he marked the house of the next man I was to see. In the street I showed this map to an *izvostchik*. An izvostchik is a big man with fur cap, sad, faded eyes, and a bushy beard. He drives a low sledge and seems to think of nothing. Some people say he does think—of demonstrations, freedom, etc.—and that when enraged he looks like an insane elephant. To such a man I showed my marked map—silently. He bent over it. At last he looked up with such vast bewilderment in his faded, squinting eyes that I jumped into his sledge, worked hard over the map, then punched him and pointed up a side street. We started. And ever since then I find that the punch and point system works to perfection. He has had it in Church, army, and State ever since he was born. When we reached the big apartment building (they are all apartment buildings here) and I gave him a ruble (fifty cents), he grew red with indignation. I could hear him even after I had passed through the arch into the court. With a twinge of remorse, I turned back and peeked out. His big face had grown suddenly jovial, his faded eyes twinkled, and he gestured derisively to the *dvornik* (gate porter) beside him. I burst out laughing. He turned and saw me, frowned, and drove sadly away.

I consulted the dvornik, who wore an imposing livery. You find a dvornik at every gate and a Swiss at every door in Petersburg. Both are controlled by the Government, both are spies watching all comers and goers. When the students paraded last autumn, hundreds of these dvorniks and Swiss were kept from early morning locked up in a courtyard. They were given no food, but plenty of vodka; and then at noon, when wild with drink, they were turned out upon the students. The result was described in American papers.

This official directed me to the apartment I sought, and there I found a man

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whom I shall not describe, for obvious reasons. He sat by an open stove and drew caricatures, smiling. He had been six weeks in jail recently, and he kindly drew for me two pictures of himself at that time. His work is printed in many European papers.

"Always the stove," he said in broken English. "I keep no drawings—only in my head. Let me show—how the people—ah—rai—raigard their Little Father since he have killed them." He bent over and drew rapidly. "Before now—always they think, 'The police are bad—priests all bad—ministers all bad—but the Little Father, if we could only come to him—he would save us—cure all our sorrows.' They come. He say, 'Kill!' Now look."

At eight o'clock I went with another correspondent to call on a well-known radical journalist. When we entered he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I shall be arrested," he said, quietly. "They have warn me—to-night—to-morrow night, maybe. I am waiting. My friend was arrested early this morning at half-past four. Some men came through his kitchen and ran up to his bedroom, woke up his wife and himself, and took him off. My turn comes soon." Then with a shrug and a smile, "But now come in—have seats." He began talking to my friend in Russian. I watched him curiously, for I had heard much about him in New York. He had a strong, broad face, short black beard, and big, piercing, twinkling eyes. He did not seem at all afraid. Once before, on an evening like this some twenty years ago, he had sat waiting, had been arrested at half-past two, and sent for eleven years to Siberia. But now in the next room I could hear his family laughing and talking; at intervals a rich contralto voice sang snatches of a song full of deep melancholy; but the talk and laughter ran on; and beside me the man's face looked unconcerned as ever; quite as peaceful a home scene as you could wish. The banker was right. St. Petersburg is quiet.

"The French Revolution," said the man, turning to me, "is nothing. When I think of sights that must here be seen, of sounds that must be heard, I am wretched. We must have here not one but four revolutions burst at one time. It is like there were four mighty rivers rising forty years ago—swelling, rushing on. I mean trying to rush on, but dammed up, and now the dam must give way. What was this beginning? The emancipation of the serfs. What are these rivers? The peasant's longing to live and not starve. The workman's longing to live like a man. The longing of the man who thinks to speak out freely what he thinks about Church and State and army in the press and in meetings. The zemstvo's longing to share in the government. All these four rivers are what? Europe and the twentieth century. The dam is what? The Czar and the middle ages. They have dammed the peasant with taxes, with fighting in wars he hates, with ignorance, no schools—ignorance that makes his land grow poorer, poorer—for he knows not how to save its riches. They have dammed the workman with ignorance, with starving wages, with hours and work that leave him fit only for sleep or vodka. They have made him the worst workman in Europe. When he makes a union, they shoot him down. The man who thinks, they have dammed with their censors. They have dammed the zemstvos with inspectors that spy and presidents that choke every effort at social cure. They have dammed all these four rivers with spies, prisons, Siberia. So, now, when the bursting must come, these four powers work in darkness, suspicion, and ignorance. None pull together. We have no great leader to show a way out. The Czar and his bureaucrats cannot; they are ignorant—though they have spent more money on spies than any government in the world. You cannot know a people through spies. For is it strange, when spies are promoted for the amount they tell, that they make up false things to add to the true ones? It is pitiful to see rulers so ignorant that after Sunday's struggle they say this was caused by Japanese and English who bribed the workmen to strike against their kind Father. With such ignorance the dam is weak. I will give you an example. Why shall I be arrested? Because I went three

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nights ago to a meeting of forty workmen leaders. What were those leaders doing? Meeting to petition that they be allowed to organize—the very same thing the Czar had promised a week ago. So they met. Spies were there. Many were arrested. They say that I shall be arrested. How pitiful is such a government! But the people are not pitiful. The people that even in poverty and oppression could create such literature, such music—these people feel now that something is spoiled in their souls. They say, 'It must not be spoiled. Our souls must live free. It is better to die than live as we live.' And so now we come to the crash. You perhaps think Petersburg is quiet—all is over. Go to-morrow to the slums and factories and you will see that nothing is all over, but only held down by the army, the telegraph, the railroad, the modern rifle. If Sunday had been fifty years ago, all would have been different. But now—a hundred million people are held down—waiting for a man to lead them." There was nothing heroic in his voice. It was quiet.

An hour later I stood waiting for a friend in a peaceful, snow-covered street. On one side lay a broad canal where blue ice patches gleamed from the half-moon above. On the other rose an endless yellow wall of apartment buildings; you could look through their dark gates into long, winding alleys or moonlit courtyards. Along the soft street came gliding sleighs and sledges. The silence seemed to deepen as you listened. Only the regular thud, thud of tired hoofs and the low, monotonous cries of the izvostchiks. Now and then from a window above me came sweet Russian voices singing. It is a beautiful language. Down the street came a tiny low sledge; the big driver towered silent in front; behind sat a little woman with dark, delicate face and shining eyes. Her head nestled back in her soft fur collar; she was gazing dreamily up at the moon and peacefully drawing on a long Russian cigarette. The two—the big man and the little woman—how different—they passed silently by. The banker was right. St. Petersburg is quiet.

My friend came down; together we went to a pleasant Russian home and drank delicious tea until one o'clock. Later in my hotel room as I dropped off to sleep I vowed I would begin at once to learn Russian. Drowsily I recalled the fat, sleepy, red-cheeked German whom I had met in the train from Berlin. I had asked him to teach me the phrase "Don't shoot!" in Russian. His fat face had wrinkled into a grin; he had looked thoughtfully out of the car window and had then taught me the words. "Ven you call so to de poleece dey vill not shoot you," he had told me. This phrase I had proudly repeated that evening. Every one laughed. It meant "Give me liberty or death!" I must learn Russian.

Late Sunday morning I crowded into the great arched door of a Russian church. Vestibules, aisles, every foot of space, was packed with people. The air was close, the light was dim, and from far down in front came a low chant which rose and fell and thrilled with sorrow. I edged my way up a low side aisle, passing a booth where a new kind of official was peddling bread for communion. He was driving a brisk trade. Near him another official sold tallow tapers, three kopecks (1½ cents) for the smallest, and so up to the big fat candles that insured you a whole ruble's worth of salvation. Stopping here for some time, it was easy to see that the trade was almost wholly in three-kopeck tapers; the buyers were the poorest, the most ignorant. As I stood half-way up the aisle, every few moments I felt a gentle poke in the ribs, turned and received a taper and passed it on toward the chapel ahead. This side chapel was full of women kneeling. The chant rose and fell again and stopped. Then from the great altar came a voice deep and rich as an organ. I could just see a towering, massive head with long hair and bushy beard. The priest had come forth from that mysterious holy place and was bellowing prayers to the Russian God. I say bellowing; his voice was so deep and rich and coarse that there is no other word to describe it. All around him the walls and altars were glittering with gilt and gold and gems. So it is all through starving Russia—billions of rubles stored safely away in altars. In

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return the priests promise the people a bright, heavenly empire of angels and archangels, a graded hierarchy to match the empire below, a place where souls shall be joyous slaves through all eternity. To protect this radiant vision from rude modern science this Church fought Peter the Great two hundred years ago, and has fought all reforms ever since. Universal education would be a deadly thing for Holy Russia.

I turned. Hundreds of faces, old and young, comfortable, poor, and very poor, were all staring alike at the altar. Close behind me stood a feeble old man with long, curly gray hair, a deep-wrinkled face, and faded blue eyes under thick, grizzled eyebrows. These brows twitched nervously, the eyes stared hard, and suddenly—as the voice of his official shepherd rose in an impassioned appeal for mercy—this man fell down and knocked his old forehead again and again on the pavement at my feet. I tried to turn away. But now all around me hundreds of men and women fell down humbly, reverently, with faces touching the pavement. At the high altar the great golden doors swung noiselessly back, shutting out the mysterious holy of holies within. I went out into the street. It was good to breathe deep and free again.

The Church, the spies and police, the army—these powers batten down all thoughts of freedom. That afternoon I drove out through the factory suburbs, and there I saw thousands of workmen in scattered groups facing the great mills and factories. Some were on strike, but most were simply enjoying a Sunday's rest, standing gloomy and silent in the sooty snow. Some of these men marched to the Winter Palace. Their leaders, who suffered most, were skilled workmen, earning from fifty to sixty dollars a month. They struck, not to raise their own wages, but to raise the wages of the great mass of unskilled laborers and skilled women who were classed together at forty cents a day. As I saw the places these laborers lived in, and the kind of food for sale in the stalls, their demand for a raise to fifty cents a day did not seem exorbitant. A "corner," as you may hear all through these districts, is a spot on a tenement floor, which a workman rents for two rubles (one dollar and four cents) a month. His food is black bread, cabbage, soup, and on holidays enough vodka to get drunk on. He asked for shorter hours. This, too, seemed reasonable. In the Petersburg slums are "Sunday-schools"—somewhat like our American night-schools—where workmen are taught on Sundays, and in the evenings of the week. A volunteer teacher here tells me that her great grown pupils are so dead tired at night that they often fall asleep in their chairs. It is these same pupils who have led in the strike movement. The Government and the Church have opposed these schools from their beginning—twenty years back—and rightly, for schools are the ruination of submission, superstition, and ignorance. These schools have done much, but still two-thirds of the three hundred thousand cannot write their own names. In the dull little shops and stalls on these streets you see few shop-*signs*, but only shop-*pictures* of the wares to be bought within.

But the foremost demand of the strikers is the right to combine, to discuss their interests freely, in order that from now on they may, step by step, force their way up closer and closer to the Winter Palace. This was no struggle for ten cents a day, but the beginning of an economic revolution like the one now under way in America. It was only a beginning in ignorance. In a tenement room near by is a long, ragged pelisse which is kept as a sacred relic, to be gazed upon by hundreds of workmen. This pelisse was left behind by Gapon. The rumor has spread through the whole three hundred thousand that it was left as a pledge that Gapon will come back. In their eyes he has already become a deliverer half divine. This is ignorance yearning for a great man, making a God of a simple priest.

So in the streets these groups stood in gloomy silence. Only now and then I heard a voice raised angrily. Silence—for before them down the street came riding a Cossack patrol, a dozen huge creatures splendid as the beasts they rode, with thick mustaches curling up

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over red cheeks, with hard jaws and flashing eyes. They rode laughing by. Inside those factory walls were hundreds of soldiers with modern repeating rifles. In there, too, were modern telephones; in an hour they could summon a hundred thousand more soldiers; in a day modern railroads could swell even this army; in two hours modern Gatling guns could sweep the streets. And so the workmen stood in silent groups. St. Petersburg is quiet.

The next day I sat in the office of a Liberal newspaper. Here it looked as though good news had just arrived, or as though something great were just beginning. You saw only smiles, you heard only joyous voices. Some twenty men and a few women were writing or talking very fast. On the tables stood glasses of Russian tea; the air was fragrant from cigarettes. I was taken back to an inner room, and presented my letter to a tall man with huge shoulders, heavy pointed beard, deep brown eyes, and a jolly smile. He gripped my hand warmly, as though he felt good.

"We are up now," he said in French, "and no censors can ever again keep us down. Each day since that Sunday we've been speaking out more boldly, and our audacity is only a sign of the many powers rising swiftly, one by one, all around us. As these other powers rise deep and different enough to make ten revolutions instead of one, but all in the dark and groping for levers to pull, we, by suddenly speaking out freely, spreading news and opinions of all groups, are beginning to clear away darkness and let the new forces come face to face. So many opinions and interests are bound to clash, we shall have newspaper fights by the hundred. All this is healthy. The question is, Can this wild, quiet, deep-burning soul called a Slav be patient enough to fight only on paper? Probably not, but at least we can do much to clear away the needless quarrels. We are growing every day. Six weeks ago we had twenty-five subscribers, to-day we have twenty-five thousand. Another paper started three months back and has already forty thousand, while a third still older has sixty-five thousand. Two more have sprung up in Moscow. You see reaction is impossible. The Government has tried hard in the last three weeks, but the people have suddenly changed, and now you might as well try to press down hard rubber. 'The censor grown timid' is a droll idea, but true. Each night we send our proof-sheets to the censor's office, but they rarely blot out as much as a column. Look at this." From the morning's copy he read me an editorial condemning in severest terms one of the Ministers of the Czar. "This does not look like old times," he added.

"But don't you expect to be suppressed soon?"

"Undoubtedly. Or else they may say courteously to us, as they did to another paper two years back, 'We will not be so harsh as to suppress you. We shall merely appoint Mr. B—— as your censor.' This seemed mild enough till the editor learned that Mr. B—— lived in a town two days off by railroad. When the paper had traveled to him and had come back in five days legalized, its news was five days old, subscribers fell off, and the paper died. They may treat us as courteously; it is more likely that they will simply order us to stop for three months or more. Good. We have been suppressed before. This paper began last summer. It ran six weeks, was suppressed, began again in two weeks under another name, was suppressed again for three months, and then what? Our publisher found a dramatist who had bought a newspaper license but had no money to start a paper; our publisher bought this license for three thousand rubles—and here we are again with still another name—and many of our readers already know the next name we shall use. If any one tells you that Sunday's affair was but an isolated protest of discontented workmen, please open your eyes, and you will see how many other forces of discontent are noiselessly rushing up."

Two days later the Minister of the Interior issued this notice:

"In view of the unceasingly dangerous tendency of the journal —— as expressed in the following articles . . . concerning . . . the Zemsky Sobor . . . popular representation . . . etc., the Minister of the Interior, by authority of the Statute on Censure of the Press,

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Code of Laws, Vol. 14, edition of 1890, and in harmony with the decision of the Council for the Chief Department for Affairs of the Press, has determined to issue a third warning to ——, the publisher and the editor, . . . together with a suspension of the paper for three months."

"From the editor: In regard to means of satisfying subscribers during the period of suspension a special notice will be issued."

The "means of satisfying subscribers" is not hard to guess.

This was a Liberal paper. Soon after I had a glimpse of how another kind of paper circulates. I was interviewing a well-known radical in his office when the door was thrown open and a girl came in. She was richly dressed, graceful, her dark face was flushed from fast walking, her eyes sparkled as she hurriedly told him some piece of news. While talking she glanced at me, the man nodded, and then from under her heavy fur cloak she slipped a package of papers which he at once locked into a drawer. When she had gone, we glanced at them together. These newspapers were printed in Paris and Geneva by the Russian revolutionist press, and sent by a dozen different routes to addresses that are constantly shifted to elude the spies and mail censors. They had been two weeks on their way, passed on by many different hands. Ten thousand packages like this are constantly dodging through Russia. They are opened in peasants' huts, in rich homes, in workingmen's "corners." Some tell me they are even secretly opened in army barracks. Some months ago in New York I heard a heroic old woman tell how she carried such papers thirty years ago. Her punishment for carrying was twenty-three years in Siberia; this other girl risks only a few months or years in prison; the Government cannot punish so severely now, for there are thousands of bearers; the system has spread to every city and province; and over five hundred thousand people eagerly wait to read its bulletins. So works the underground mail in Russia—noiselessly. St. Petersburg is quiet.

The next night was cold and sparkling, with a moon that seemed to hang halfway down from the heavens. About ten o'clock I left my lodgings, picked a strenuous little horse from the many in the street, made signs to the izvostchik, showed him a street address and displayed fifty kopecks; he shook his big beard indignantly. I shook my head and walked away; he called after, the bargain was struck, and we sped off down the street. Although not myself a drunkard, I eyed with approval the vodka bottle which he drew out from under his seat, for I knew that by this our speed would be doubled. Faster, faster the little sledge darted under noses of horses; it swung against three stout gentlemen, upsetting one and making all three teach me Russian indignantly; faster, faster, swinging sideways around corners, for the road was gloriously hard. We shot out on a broad stone bridge. Below us to right and left lay the Neva's cold blue ice and snow; little tram-cars crossed boldly on tracks nailed into the ice; and as far as you could see were long, low-arched bridges studded with frosty lights. The moon above and behind us shone clear on the city ahead, on long lines of Government buildings, palaces, lofty columns; on Byzantine spires, on gilded Greek crosses, on the dome of St. Isaac's towering high over all—a glittering mass of gold. Soon we were slipping along by the edge of a snow-covered square, a place of frost-covered trees and arc lights blue and cold. Through these trees I caught glimpses of endless yellow columns, a richly sculptured frieze, and row on row of lighted windows. The Winter Palace! No charging Cossacks, no leveled guns, no screams, no sheets of fire—but only sleighs, bells, and merry voices. Suddenly in the distance rose a different voice. Down the sidewalk, reeling, falling and rising, came a huge bareheaded man, with long coarse hair tumbling over his face to his shoulders, with a ragged brown coat belted with rope, with old red and gray cloths wrapped round his legs. Through the hair his eyes glared out, he shook his broad beard from side to side, threw back his head, and roared defiance at everything in sight. People stopped

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and listened. When he reeled round the corner I turned back in my seat and then punched my izvostchik to start on, for again his bottle was pointing from his mouth to the moon. What a wonderful thing is this vodka!

A few minutes later I walked up two flights of low stone steps with soft carpets under foot and little incandescent lights above. These apartment buildings seem roomy indeed after the New York houses. I was shown into a quiet, homelike room with open fires and rich rugs and deep, wide lounges. Some thirty people were talking in low voices. When spoken so, Russian is a beautiful language. This was a Russian 'At Home.' From the frock suits and uniforms of the men you would hardly look here for disloyalty.

The gracious hostess, a well-known magazine writer, introduced me to a handsome old lady who spoke English fluently. Our talk turned on many things, but she soon brought it round to the present crisis. She had a brother in the Far East, a high officer in the navy. His letters were most irregularly delivered, the mail was bungled, the whole affair seemed badly managed. The Japanese Government was so different. How little she had thought of these Japs five years before, when many of her friends had Japanese servants in their houses!

As to the crisis at home—she had a son, a brilliant lad who had climbed the long ladder toward a Government position as civil engineer. There was so little room in the universities that only one boy in ten gets through each of the many examinations. Again and again her son had been the one in ten; he had reached the last year, and now, with the commission almost in his grasp, he had suddenly struck work to protest against the present cabal and demand deep changes. She did not like strikes. She had always been most conservative; she read only the "Novoye Vremya," the organ of the bureaucracy. It had been much less dreadful to read that paper, where there were no lurid accounts of starvation, massacre, and strike. But now she felt that her son was right to strike. They must get rid of this cabal. They must have a limited monarchy like the English, with a Constitution over the Czar.

About midnight we went in to tea. Here a giant samovar steamed forth delicious odors; here we drank glass after glass of fragrant tea; the musical voices flowed on and on, now low and soft, now harsh and strong. Half-way down the table a white-haired old lady was telling a story which the man next me kindly translated. She was narrating how she had heard a young peasant arguing with an old one, how the young man had tried to make the other believe that the Czar had not been elected by God at all, but was Czar only because his ancestors were Czars. The old man had waxed very indignant at this, and had shook his head angrily—until at last a bright idea struck him and he cried: "If he was not elected by God, what difference does it make? His ancestors were elected by God. That is enough. There are now so many souls in heaven that God is too busy. If he elected the ancestors, that is enough. I want no more of this talk." And even when the young man had shown that even the earliest Romanoff was elected by men, still the old peasant had only cried, "I want no more of this talk."

About one o'clock a younger son came in, and as he spoke English he was placed next me. He was seventeen years old, tall but erect, in the gymnasia uniform. His dark face was flushed, his high forehead was wet—he was deeply excited. He belonged to a secret society, against the law in preparatory schools; it had spread in two years to the schools all over Russia. A few months ago twelve of the leaders, his friends, had been sent to jail; one was kept there three months. Still the society grew. Now a secret summons had gone out all over Russia, and on Friday they would strike by thousands, as the school-girls had already struck in Warsaw. They struck because the bureaucracy had squeezed out all the studies that might make a boy want a free country. They wanted history, mathematics, economy, politics—practical studies that would help their careers. They struck against this system of spies; spies fol-

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lowed them even to their homes to keep them from discussing political questions. They struck most of all for the right to have societies openly, to meet and discuss whatever they chose, to frame petitions to the school authorities. They struck for self-government.

Later I saw a paper pass around the table. Many had already signed it. It was one of a thousand papers which are now being passed about in St. Petersburg quietly. It described the "Novoye Vremya" as a journal wholly corrupt, a tool of the cabal, constantly hiding the truth, spreading lies and scandals. Of all these the worst was its statement that the strike of Sunday had been caused by Japanese money, that the workmen and women who marched to the Palace were bribed traitors to their country. It ended with these words: "We, the undersigned, do promise never to subscribe to or read this paper or to place advertisements in its columns."

At two o'clock the company dispersed. Not speaking Russian, I had only heard what I have written. As far as I could judge from simply looking on, this had been simply a quiet social gathering. Here, too, St. Petersburg was quiet.

And now for the last two days I have settled down to studying, sleeping, and writing. I live with a Russian family. My room is large and comfortable, with a huge tile stove, the slow tick-tick of a tall old brown clock, and a view on a quiet street below. For three hours each day I work hard at Russian; my teacher is a mining engineer student who is out on strike like all the others. He sits here in his resplendent uniform with a Berlitz book before him, while I trudge about the room remarking desperately in Russian, "This is—a—stove"—"a hot—stove"—"Is the stove—hotter—than me?"—"No—I am—hotter—than—the stove." And so I stumble slowly into Russian. At meals I hear the family speak it, and again at ten in the evening, as I sit here writing, the blithesome little mother of the home knocks softly and asks, "Meester ——, please—some tea?" And then for an hour we sit round the odorous samovar while she serves me tea and cakes and simple Russian words by turns. Like hundreds of women in Russia, she works hard every morning translating English, French, and German books into Russian. Not long ago she completed Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery."

Her three-year-old boy has a peasant nurse, an old woman with coarse black hair drawn tight back and parted in the middle; she has a face like an Indian squaw, and small black eyes that twinkle and stare dully by turns. All her wrinkles double into smiles when the three of us sit on the floor and I ask the boy names of toy dogs, houses, horses, etc. She tells him old, old legends. I will send you some of them later. Just now she is crooning him to sleep with a drowsy old peasant "sleep tune." She has been here only two years, but she has already given up the priest's religion. Last week she was very sad over a letter from her hamlet. The letter was two weeks on the way, for it had to come by rough peasant wagon and river boat for days before it reached the railroad. It is very cold there now, she tells us; people huddle in chairs and on stools up on top of their broad brick stoves to keep from freezing, and even so, many are dying. Everybody is starving, freezing, and crying because the strong young husbands have all been taken a long ways off and killed in some fighting. I said she was sad, but it is hard to tell when she is sad or what she thinks. That old sleep tune she is crooning now is sad, and yet much more than sad. It sets one dreaming.

Last night we heard that Sergius was killed. The most powerful of all the Grand Dukes, the Duke who raised up Trepoff "The Butcher," the Duke who held Moscow as in a vice, who helped bring on this war, and who has controlled the cabal that governs Russia—this Duke has been killed as McKinley was killed in Buffalo. What a difference! No insane assassin here; this has been planned for months; for months people have said, "Sergius will be next—for he heads the list." And what now? The streets today looked as they always look, the faces as calm, the steps as leisurely, the voices as unconcerned. Only once, on the Nevski, I walked with a friend behind two workmen, and my friend heard them

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describing in minute and revolting detail the way one greater than Sergius would look if hanged high up over the street. But their voices were not loud, and their faces were only broad and dull and stupid.

So the deep undercurrents sweep on. The Slav—"wild, quiet, deep-burning"—"feels something spoiled in his soul." To what are these noiseless currents rushing? No man can tell. For St. Petersburg is quiet.

Political Corruption in Connecticut

By Newman Smyth

HAPPENING to meet one day a gentleman whose presence once haunted the lobby at Hartford, and who has been a familiar spirit in the secret counsels of both parties, I ventured the remark, "I should like to be present at the last day, when you are compelled to tell all you know about Connecticut politics." He replied, "There would be some interesting personal reminiscences." Unfortunately for the public enlightenment, the legal evidences of many things which now lie hidden in such reminiscences will probably not be forthcoming before that day to which our conversation referred. But enough is generally known to bring to the bar of public conscience the strong-handed political system by which the civic virtue of Connecticut has been held up. Enough facts are well authenticated to expose the political methods by which this commonwealth is robbed of its honor.

An exposure of the so-called practical politics of Connecticut would not be so sensational as are the accounts of the political debauchery of some other States, like Delaware or Rhode Island; but for this reason it may have more value for reformatory work in other States where much the same demoralizing methods are becoming prevalent.

No better characterization of the prevalent political vice is needed than was given by ex-Governor Bulkeley (lately elected United States Senator) at a hearing before the Judiciary Committee of the Legislature on May 11, 1893. After declaring that no corrupt practices act is needed in this country, in answer to a direct question whether it is lawful and right for a candidate for office to buy a vote which is for sale, he replied: "I think it is right for a candidate to secure that man's vote, if he is without principle and ignorant, by any means you can use." He further justified that method when it is "in the interest of the party" one believes to be right. The question now which the people of this old New England State have to face is just the cold, hard fact which that avowal set forth. The Legislature of Connecticut, with that record laid before it, without a word of denial or retraction of it, has elected to the United States Senate the master of the system he so unblushingly justified. That act of the Legislature has put the whole system of corruption squarely before the people. The success of this system in the Legislature is an attack upon the integrity of the State. For the people to let judgment against it go by default would be a surrender of democracy. Continued failure to expose it by the press would be betrayal of its public trust. Silence of the Church, now that it is confronted by it, would be sin.

In the year 1893, when the Corrupt Practices Act was up before the Judiciary Committee, the Hartford "Courant" ended an editorial in behalf of it with this snapper: "It will be interesting to see who opposes it." We have seen. Not a single prosecution, so far as I am aware, has been brought under that law against bribery and other forms of political corruption. The whole system of practical politics has appeared against it. This law does not run as a live wire from town to town. No political manipulator has seemed afraid of any sudden shock from it. Of late even the best papers which our conditions permit us to have seem too much like that ancient god of whom a solitary

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prophet once said, "Either he is musing, or he is gone aside, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked."

In order to understand the present pitiable case of the internal politics of Connecticut, the first cause to be noted is the political power and possibilities of the small towns.

The Constitution of the State, with its system of town representation, gives to the small towns a great preponderance in the Legislature. This naturally renders the rural districts the chosen field of the political exploiters. There control of the Legislature and of the larger part of State patronage is to be gained or lost. There it pays the candidate for high office to dig his wells and to watch his flocks. Moreover, the rotatory system of representation now prevailing, which turns up a new representative at about every election, offers further opportunities for the alert manufacturer of majorities in the Legislature. Formerly, the country town was represented, often for a series of years, by some man who had been tried and was known and trusted. He needed to make no pledges to secure his nomination; he represented his townsmen, or at least his party. He did not need to make hay while the sun shines. The extent of the change which has occurred is apparent from these figures: The proportion of members re-elected to new members was, in 1800, 54 per cent.; in 1850, 12.2; in 1880, 9.3; in 1889, 5.2 ("Political Science Quarterly," September, 1889, p. 426); and in 1897 it had fallen to 2.8 per cent.

The significance of this change is greater than at first glance might appear. It might be said, indeed, that such rotation has the advantage of giving different men in succession a fair chance; but it also gives the political calculator every session a new chance. And it affords him easier material to work, even though it be innocent. Pipe-laying is through fresher soil. Every session the rapidly rotating wheel renders a new deal possible; in this system nominations may be made the bribes, and the old serpent may lurk under a convenient apple-tree in any town caucus. It was not, however, until the campaign between the two Barnums in 1867 that favorable conditions for the use of money as campaign arguments in the smaller towns was fully appreciated. What was known in some quarters as "the Salisbury plan" was then successfully inaugurated. It became customary for the candidate to have his personal agent in each town, who would know what was needed and how it might most practically be applied, and who was held personally responsible for delivering the goods.

As to the amount of the venal vote in the rural regions, different estimates are given by men well qualified to judge. Professor McCook, of Trinity College, Hartford, as the result of some painstaking inquiries, estimated it as high as sixteen per cent. Others will not believe it to be over five per cent. If I might take a single town well up to the average in morality as a representative town, according to the statement computed for me by a worker who for several years has kept his private tally of the amount of the purchasable material and the price of each vote, the quantity would be somewhat over ten per cent. In one hill town the amount of purchasable votes became so large that the town committees of both parties made a mutual bargain that year not to buy any votes. The compact resulted in a popular outcry, and the keeper of the country store protested "against any movement which cut down the revenues."

The chief corruption now is in the control of the caucuses and primaries. The traps are set for the feet of good citizens long before they reach the polling-places. The innocent public knows little of the large use of money and other valuable considerations for personal ends or for large commercial interests long before a legislature convenes. A poor man has little chance for a high office under the conditions which ordinarily prevail. Senator Bulkeley has not seen fit to comply with the law of Connecticut which requires a candidate for the United States Senate to make a return of all contributions or disbursements, if any, for his campaign and election. In the absence of any sworn statement from the candidate, one can only take as conjectural the moder-

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ate estimate of a well-informed politician that it cost him $68,000. If I add together the sums credibly reported to me as having been sent into several towns, and strike therefrom an average for other towns, that amount would not seem at all incredible. If I take the average of the most trustworthy statements made to me, a much larger sum, at least $150,000, during the late Senatorial contest was scattered abroad over the countryside. For instance, in one town of less than eight hundred voters the local political agent of one political interest was intrusted with over a thousand dollars, which was used mostly in connection with the expenses of the primary. In another case a delegate to a convention held for the nomination of candidates for the State Senate was offered fifty dollars as a retainer for his vote; he afterwards found it best to return it; or, as his own story goes, after a visit from certain political friends he found five new ten-dollar bills accidentally left in his overcoat pocket, which he returned! I have this written statement of another delegate: "We were offered $500 for the —— delegation, and two others were offered $200 and $300 for a single vote."

Being myself desirous of gaining trustworthy information as to the bottom facts, not being content to rest upon what is said to be notorious, I have made inquiries of persons in a position to know in nearly all of the towns of the State. I have sought for trustworthy information from two sources—from good citizens in all these towns who might be supposed to know something of what is happening politically in their immediate vicinity, and from politicians and workers, so far as possible, who are themselves in the game, and see how it is played. Most of the considerable amount of information which I have been able to gain from this latter source must be kept in detail as confidential. As a general tabulation of the information so acquired, I am in a position to say that in a few towns my inquiries thus far have brought to light no credible suspicions of the corrupt use of money during the last Senatorial election; but in by far the greater number of towns from which I have obtained returns the illegitimate use of money or other valuable considerations in connection with nominations for State offices is credibly reported, and in many instances with circumstantial accounts of the amounts of money sent into these towns for personal political purposes, and with details of the methods in which it was used. Some political agents, who themselves handled the goods, have been carried into this demoralization so far, and they find the game so costly, that they would half like to quit it, as one of them informed me, because ashamed to look afterwards at their own faces in the glass. Such information as this is not, indeed, legal evidence; nevertheless it tells the truth. Some good citizens who, if they go to the caucus at all, go as innocent lambs to the slaughter, might possibly rub their amiable eyes in astonishment if some exact story—names, places, dates, considerations, and all—should be told them concerning what has happened right around them in personal or corporation politics in recent years.

While confidential information does not permit me to give narratives which, if published, would be their own evidence, I may use such communications as materials for a typical description of the process—taking from many individual instances a composite photograph which may represent them all.

In the small town of A—— (I will put it) last autumn the United States Senatorial contest promised to be a close one. The field for the conflict was the primary. Those who were posted knew what was to happen. The public had little knowledge and less concern about what might be done. The National election, held at the same time, furnished the convenient cover under which the mess of State politics was to be stewed. Before the primary was held a large fund was sent through a recognized political agency in the interest of one candidate into this town. It was stated that more could be had if needed. Some of this money was put out for personal influence, $100 for the temporary loan of one man's political talents. Some of this fund went for more or less legitimate work and expenses. The highest

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price known to have been paid to any one merely for staying away from the caucus was $37; another man, possessed of less inimical power, received only $25. One man, who was himself an adept, received $50 from each side, and, as the business agent of one faction said, "the sardine never turned over." The price for votes in this caucus went as high as $10 or $15. The manager did not retain so much for his own efforts as he had intended to keep, because in the last hour of the primary he was seized with the fear that he had been beaten, and he felt obliged to use more liberally the last effective argument with a number of men who had been waiting around the primaries for the proper psychological moment in which to make their votes count. The representative in this town could not himself be bribed, but it was previously understood what interest he would support, and who was to provide for the election expenses. It costs the managers less if by any means they can get hold of and use a conscientious man than it does to watch and to keep from becoming restless a man more pecuniarily susceptible, like that representative from another town concerning whom the local agent wrote that he was becoming uneasy and something must be done for him.

The features of this composite photograph vary somewhat in different places; the quotations for nomination and election would need to be altered in several towns—$300 to begin with in some small places, and more if needed; $750 in another town, $800 for a needed man in another; and still larger amounts, running up according to different estimates before me to $2,500, in other country towns. But, with varying details in its essential viciousness, the story is everywhere the same. Alike with regard to the highest honors and the smaller offices, the people do not give the gifts; the party does not make the choice; even the bosses themselves and the local agents often find their preferences unavailable; "practical politics" does it, and that, being interpreted, signifies the deals and the power, the business interests and the money, of the few magnates who do care for all these things. We still fondly boast of government by the people; we accept as necessary government by one or the other of two parties; we laugh at and occasionally overturn government of the local boss. Is the last state of democracy to be voluntary bondage to an oligarchy? And that oligarchy not distinguished by the virtues which fit men for government!

The methods of political control which I have just described have been rendered easier because of late there has been no strong opposition party on the watch to contest the field. The party caucus would not be the plague-spot which it is becoming, if a nomination did not, in most of our towns, secure an election. But usually, if the few can "fix" the primary to their advantage, the respectable citizens can be trusted to do gratuitously the rest of the fixing at the polls.

Another powerful factor to be considered in relation to Connecticut State politics is the city machine and its exigencies. A description of the New Haven machine, with which I am somewhat familiar, will best show how such machines have to play a considerable part in the larger field of State politics. The present boss of the New Haven combination might more happily be called the head coach in the game. He controls the players, sending one in, taking another out of the game as he sees fit; but he is in it himself for the fun of it. He is one of the princes of the house of Israel, who, apart from his political activities, by hard toil, clear sagacity, and personal integrity has risen to a prominent business position, and won for himself a good name among those who know him. The same industry and talents which have rendered him prosperous in business have contributed to his success as a political manager. Irrespective, however, of the personal character of its driver, the machine has its own necessities. It cannot escape, even if it would, from the compulsion of its own service. In this respect the story of the needs of the present New Haven machine illustrates the exigencies of all similar organizations. It came into power from the successful conduct of ward politics; it dictated the nomina-

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tion and secured the election of the Mayor and other city officials; but it could not stop there. Its own momentum compelled it to drive farther and harder. It laid its hands upon the county offices; it guessed correctly what faction would be dominant in the Legislature, and made a deal which would enable it to gain control of the local judicial appointments and the accompanying patronage. In the lower courts the seat of justice is now machine made. To look after all these contracts the city organization had its hand in the nomination of the Governor of the commonwealth, and besides that became a party in interest in the choice of a United States Senator. And, still further, since besides the debts of the past to be paid the business of the future has to be secured, the city machine now has its man for the next Governor in readiness, and the successful candidate for Governor will not be likely to forget the political pit from which he has been dug. Thus it happens that the exercise and the love of political power by a single man, not himself an aspirant for any office, compels him, in order to make good what he has got, to reach dominatingly up to the judiciary, the Governorship, and the United States Senate.

These influences together could not work so extensive mischief were it not for another contributory cause; that is, the demoralization sometimes of good men through their ambition for some immediate political success. The nomination becomes the temptation; the office itself may be the bribe; the fear of political suicide the cause of dishonor. A young man seeks to enter political life. The door is swung open for him by the boss who holds the skeleton key to all the doors. As he passes through no pledge may be required of him, but he finds that the door through which he entered opens into a path which is hedged in on either side. He follows on, justifying his course to his friends by saying, "It is politics, you know." He cannot vote now quite according to his own conscience, for he must "save his influence for future usefulness." As a representative in the Legislature put it the other day, making apology for other political camp-followers besides himself who had taken nominations and who did as they were told, "I suppose we must put our hands on our noses and do it." Now and then a strong man may quit, and afterwards the people will take him up. But natural forces of partisanship, good fellowship, and comradeship work together in keeping the manager's majority solid; and so it happens that the people look for leaders, and find politicians.

No account of the political situation in Connecticut would be complete without some reference to the evolution of the lobby. It has passed, broadly speaking, through three stages of development. At first it was an individualistic affair. Individual lobbyists were retained for different measures. Then the lobby began to organize itself into predatory groups. Something like this was the condition about the year 1883, when, in one instance, some eminent lobbyists who had been omitted in a piece of proposed corporate spoliation made their collective presence manifest and were taken in with the rest! Following this period of groups of legislative bandits, so to speak, the third house became a more organized and powerful body. Once when the Consolidated Railroad virtuously sought to dispense with its services, it soon found itself compelled, in the language of one of its officials at that time, "to open the bag." Without entering here into this chapter of our politics, it is enough to remark that combinations between the two, corporations and State politics, have not usually been followed by a rise of the securities in which civic virtue is invested. The remark should be added that, as the latter end of the lobby, it now stands with one foot inside the Legislature, and with one hand open outside it.

In such ways has it come to pass that this land of steady habits is now a good field for the political millionaire. The remark which is frequently heard where men interested in politics congregate—"He has put his money into it, and he ought to have it," is enough to show the morality of it. No one will deny that the system, which has grown until it overshadows the State, has borne this season its consummate fruit. And the

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cities and the towns of Connecticut have now just about the kind of government that the people who are really interested in government want. In contemplating it, however, we may be tempted to fall into the impatience of that honest citizen of mediæval Florence who exclaimed, when something disgraceful was before the Council of his city: "I verily believe that if our forefathers, the founders of this city, could have foreseen that a like question would ever be discussed here, they would have indignantly refused to have anything to do with us."

The remedy for political demoralization requires two things—outspoken protest, and quiet, organized work. These are means of reform in addition to the general forces of education and religion which are always at work.

The first call is always for a few men who will stand up and take themselves a good beating for the sake of their cause.

I could give several notable instances which have come under my observation, especially in the movement for better municipal government, in which defeat of the reformers was the first step towards the victory of their ideas. The machine, after having shown its powers by putting its adversaries to confusion, took up their ideas and put them into the charters and laws of their municipality. The value also of public protest, if it have time to do its work, was illustrated by a remark which I well remember ex-Governor Bulkeley made to me in the lobby immediately after the passage by an overwhelming majority in the House of the bill against pool-selling. The bill had been opposed by the friends of gambling at the race-tracks because it made no exception in their interest. The remark was this: "We should have beaten you by several majority on a full poll of the house if you had not scared them out of it." So a good moral scare may sometimes prove effectual even in practical politics.

One cause of political demoralization from which Connecticut has suffered more than other States lies in the lack of strong, independent newspapers in the leading cities. Public sentiment has been blanketed and allowed to sleep for lack of an alert and powerful press. One paper is editorially in favor of all the virtues in general, but rarely against any political corruptionist of its party in particular. Another leading paper was independent once—long ago, in the Blaine campaign. Another, formerly with independent proclivities, has become too commercialized to count.

All this political corruption is part and essence of the mammon-worship which the Church is called to fight in dead earnest. Aimless preaching will not do it; there is needed a voice in the pulpit and a response in the church which shall cost sacrifice, and which may arouse the enmity of the political world; a preaching which shall be in the succession of that bold apostle who could say, with a conscience ringing true, "So fight I, as not beating the air." Politicians, basking in the church, will not object to the church going into politics provided that it goes, as Apostolic Christianity never did, loaded only with blank moral cartridges.

In Connecticut, as in other States, the methods are to be destroyed which are destroying democracy; the men are to be politically exterminated who are laying our heritage waste. In every city, town, and village these men may be marked, their practices uncovered, and war to their political death waged against them. Here in Connecticut something like a State co-operative moral machine may be developed before we shall have got through with this business. As one result of the last humiliating Senatorial election, some organized activity in this direction may be forthcoming. There are young men who are willing to stake their political future in taking this work up. It will require many willing hands, and some new brooms.

All this is part of the larger question now coming to judgment before the whole country, and touching even so high a body as the United States Senate: Shall money wrongly made, or corruptly used, become also, in view of all the people, a money power falsely crowned?

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The Crisis in France

As Seen by an American Woman in the Provinces

By Katharine Douglas Hunter

NEXT to being a factor in a great movement, the post of independent spectator seems most desirable, for as such one may watch the march of events with the interest but without the anxiety of a partisan who is forced to observe, in a state of impotent quiescence, much that must violate his feelings and his principles. Such has been my position during the past momentous year in France, in which I have endeavored to meet people of all classes and parties and to understand their widely differing points of view.

In October I reported in The Outlook a Frenchwoman's view of French Clericalism. It seemed worthy of record as being, I believe, typical of the attitude of a large number of liberal French Catholics who, while deprecating the haste of the Government and the consequent sorrow which it entails on hundreds of good and presumably devoted men and women in the religious orders, yet feel that the Church has so ill fulfilled its trust in the matter of education that it is time for the Government to intervene and to supply that which the religious schools, from *whatever* motive, have failed to give.

Now, as a resident of X—— in the past four months, I have seen and felt the political situation from the point of view of a society whose sympathies are clerical, national, even monarchical.

Three hours from Paris, the seat of an Archbishop, surrounded by the châteaux of the nobility, home of a great church printing-house, headquarters of an army corps, X—— is, in sentiment, *plus royaliste que le roi*, and more clerical than the clerics, and yet has been obliged to suffer a Radical as its military head, and to harbor a strong body of Socialists. This combination is not constituted to make for harmony, nor has it; although, considering the bitterness of feeling, the cases of disorder and violence have been surprisingly few, yet numerous enough to impress the Clericals with a fear of what may come.

It happened early in the fall that I found myself one Sunday under the guidance of a chance acquaintance—a pleasant little woman who, in answer to a question, offered to take me to see the annual benediction of the people by the Archbishop in the garden of the Archevêché. We descended together in that charming place where, from under the tropical palms, you get a delightful glimpse of the cathedral towers. The great doors of the Archbishop's palace, giving on this place, and usually closed, were open to admit the quiet, orderly crowd which surged through, and of which we became a part. Once inside the garden on the wide sweep of gravel before the sixteenth-century building, my guide found friends, respectable citizens like herself, and a conversation ensued in which I was politely included.

The woman regretted that I had not seen the fête in former years. "How it was beautiful! A long procession through the streets, banners, clergy, and music!" Then in a lowered voice—one becomes used to this tone in France to-day—"But now, madame, it is forbidden. Ah, this poor Monseigneur! Scarcely does he dare to drive through the streets in his carriage for fear that he may be *killed!*" The faces of her friends expressed horror and concurrence. One young artisan protested. "But, yes, but, yes!" insisted our friend. The artisan still shook his head. "He need not fear for himself, Madame! we do not wish violence, but liberty. The Government—" "Bah!" cried the woman, "*ce vilian gouvernement.*" "Not fear!" went on a small man in shabby black, holding his huge umbrella firmly and pressing close; "dost thou not know, Antoine, that two sisters of St. Martin have been attacked on the street returning from their errands of mercy after dark? The first fled

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from her pursuer for refuge within the Cathedral, and fell senseless at the very door, her head cut open by a blow from the coward. The other was set upon, choked, and thrown to the ground, where she lay until found by a passer-by."

"The Socialists, the Communists!" whispered the woman. *Ah, ces pauvres chères Sœurs.*"

The conversation was interrupted at that moment by the appearance of about twenty men in cassocks and caps upon a terrace connected, at the height of the second story, with the palace. Each one carried his surplice rolled up under his arm, and they all approached the parapet, laughing, chatting, and bowing to the people.

"The séminaristes and the curés from the country parishes," my guide explained, delightedly. Presently the students and curés shook their white surplices to the wind, made the sign of the cross, and donned them with much hilarity and to the great amusement of the crowd. A moment later the terrace became quiet, hats came off, and all fell back before the Suisse who, bearing his staff of office, preceded the Archbishop, followed by four Bishops.

The Archbishop came forward to the balustrade and stood there looking down on the people for a long moment before he began to speak. It was just such an address as you hear in any church in France at the present time. He emphasized the fact again and again that safety to the people and the Church lay in union—that clergy and people together can accomplish anything. There seemed to be no outward sign of response in the crowd to his earnest appeal. They listened respectfully but without emotion, received his benediction with bowed heads, and only woke up to a laugh at his joke as he turned to go, "I should like to be there among you, but I see no way unless I jump!"

From the garden we crossed to the Cathedral, closed in after the procession of clergy, and entered the great church. I have never seen a more impressive sight than the congregation there assembled. It was impossible to make way through it, for nave, aisles, and ambulatory were crowded with a solid mass of people. In spite of the fears of the clericals, the day passed with no hostile demonstration.

The first burning question with which I came in personal touch after reaching X—— was that of schools. As I had two children to educate, I naturally sought advice and information from friends who by experience and long residence seemed best qualified to give it. Mme. N——, Clerical and Legitimist, said, "Your boy to the Lycée. If it were last year, you would have put him with the Christian Brothers, but now it is closed. The Lycée instructs well, but it has no good influence." I interrupted her: "Shall all the boys of family be sent to the Lycées when the Brothers' Schools are closed?" "Never," she answered, firmly. "You are a Protestant and an American—you may do so—but we, *no*. Our sons shall go to Catholic schools in Spain, in Italy, in Jersey, in Belgium, in England. In closing our religious schools the Government drives our children from France. As for your girl," she continued, "you will send her to the Sacre Cœur. There is no other place. The nuns may not teach the higher mathematics and may be weak on the sciences—*qu'importe?* Is it not more important that your daughter be educated in the fear of God by women of breeding and traditions than by diplomaed professors who own no God and no manners?" "You exaggerate," I said, laughing. "Wait, you will see for yourself," she answered.

I put the boy in the Lycée. I took time to decide for the girl. I had a prejudice against convents, and I knew that the Lycée des Jeunes Filles was installed in a building which for perfection of equipment cannot be surpassed in America. I decided to brave the opinion of my friends and place my daughter there; and I therefore went to an interview with the head of the Faculty. After a short conversation I knew that, just as surely as a school takes its tone from its head, just as surely was the Lycée out of the question. I left, asking myself how it was possible that the person whom I had seen could have received the appointment to such a position; later in the day I received an

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answer in the simple word "Politics." My experience at this Lycée was repeated in the case of two other American women last fall. We were asked by the French Protestant clergyman to report our reception and the ensuing conversations to the proper authorities.

Next, not wishing to be hasty, I made a trial of the best private school in town; and then, convinced of the wisdom of Mme. N——'s advice, finally sent the child to the Sacred Heart. In a choice of evils as they now exist, I personally prefer those of the convent to those I have found in the other schools. To me, the spirit of patience, courtesy, kindness, and self-control which prevails there outweighs the evident superstition and bigotry, and compensates for modern methods and text-books when accompanied by the "diplomaed professors with no God and no manners."

"How is this?" I asked of a French Protestant. "Is this state of things general or local? Are the convents really the only possible schools for girls of the upper classes? And why?" "It is generally true," she said. "To have one's daughters with children of their own kind, taught by ladies, they must go to the convents. Why? Because among the laity teaching is a despised profession."

I began to wonder selfishly what I should do were the Sacre Cœur to be closed, and in that moment understood something of the problem which is facing hundreds of Catholic parents in France to-day.

At the Lycée religion is ignored in the daily programme. The children march into the class-rooms, begin their lessons, and continue through the day without any acknowledgment of the existence of a higher power in the universe.

All this gives cause for fear to even the most thoughtless of Frenchmen. "Close the convents?" cries a young officer, after giving you a half-humorous, half-cynical description of marriage *à la mode*. "*Mon Dieu!* When the convents are closed and there is no more religion for the women, all is lost! I would not marry a wife who was not *pieuse*. The Church is all that holds French women; when religion goes, marriage in France will be *l'enfer*."

The school question settled for the moment, I found that the political crisis was very much alive whichever way one turned. It walked with you, talked with you, and was a skeleton at every feast. The feasts, by the way, would be, I was assured, far from festive. "There will be no balls this winter; no one wishes to dance—none of *us*, *bien entendu*. No one feels very gay in France just now.

"What of the Prefect and the government officials?" I asked, maliciously. There must be so many of this class in X—— that they might even have a circle of their own, but society knew them not.

Everywhere I have found the settled and apparently resigned conviction that the upper class has "no chance" under the Government, in army, in Church, even in the halls of justice. A case up for trial in the court here caused great bitterness among the friends and acquaintances of the accused, Baron ——. He was condemned to penal servitude for three years for shooting a burglar who attacked him in his own house at night. The day of the sentence, the Comte de C——, coming from the Palais de Justice, announced the verdict to a roomful of people. The news was received in dismayed silence, and the general feeling was voiced by the remark, "He was innocent. If he had been a grocer, he would have been acquitted. France has fallen low." At that moment, baffling the sympathy I felt for my friends, came the thought, "If it is true, as they say, that this man has suffered unjustly because he *is* a noble, has not many an ancestor of his done his man to death without cause, safe because he was a noble? And who shall say that this and others like it are not 'the tardy event of eternal justice,' 'the reaction of equity'?"

Even a stranger must have felt the pity of the following announcement in a radical newspaper a few days later: "The street commission has decided to replace the street names which a free conscience condemns and which are *synonymous of ignorance and servitude* by those of men who have rendered service to humanity." Then followed the names

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of thirty streets or squares which are to be changed, among them:

Place de la Cathèdrale—Place de Quatorze Juillet.
Rue Sainte Catherine—Alexandre Dumas.
Rue St. François de Paul—Jules Favre.
Rue Saint Paul—Edmond Pottier.
Rue Saint Sauveur—Félix Pyat.

The Blessed Saviour and Saint Paul "synonymous of ignorance and servitude." *Cela, c'est un peu fort!* One or two of the names mark a loss to the future historian.

At a time when "délation" in the army was occupying space in the columns of French and foreign journals, it was natural to come in direct cognizance of its existence and effect. It was at a dinner at a historic château that I happened to sit next to an officer just in from a stag hunt, who, after an unquiet silence, finally burst out, "Madame, it is intolerable." "What?" "The present state of affairs in France. To-day I lunched before the hunt with the G——s. The conversation turned to politics. It always turns to politics now, and it is impossible to talk of politics now *en amitié*. The Dreyfus affair divided families that have never become reconciled; to-day the Government is doing as much. Eh, bien—at luncheon Mme. G—— said to me, *des choses blessantes*, "How can you accept pay from such a Government? Refuse it! Resign from the army. Have you no self-respect?' Those were her words, Madame, and because I feel their truth, they cut—but what can I do? I was educated for the army. It is my profession. There is no place for me in France out of the army, and, alas! no future, I fear, in the army." "What do you mean?" I asked. "That a good name is a curse in France to-day, a barrier to all Government advancement. There are many men in my position, good soldiers, ambitious, who know that their career is blocked."

This statement I believed exaggerated, but I have since heard it repeated again and again, and later events too pointedly proved its truth, for an acquaintance asked a week later, "Have you heard about Captain ——?" (he of the dinner party). "The spies have done their worst. There are charges against him. He is too well born; besides, he goes to mass on Sunday. Already the army people are afraid to receive him."

Sad is the position of the victims of M. Combes's system of espionage—for calumny is fairly sure to poison the most innocent life to some degree. It is a satisfaction to know that the spies—*casseroles*, or saucepans, in slang phraseology—are in a worse case. They are outcasts, detested even by men of their own party, and whether the Government fixes its blame upon them or not, public opinion has visited them with a crushing condemnation.

"We are all like this," as one officer expressed it, several weeks ago, shaking from head to foot.

"But," I said, "if, as you say, your army is an army of Nationalists with the sympathy of the Church and the upper classes, why are you content to submit to the outrages of the Combes administration?"

"Because we have no one to lead us. Even a Boulanger, *poseur* as he was, could save the day, could achieve a *coup d'état*, but there is no man in the country to lead us."

No man to lead, perhaps—and too many Republicans in the ranks?

We did not realize then, what shortly became evident, that this very spying in the army was to prove the overthrow of the Combes Cabinet.

One of M. Combes's last official acts was the suppression of seven convents of the Sacre Cœur, including the one of which I have spoken here. Seen at close range, the closing of this famous school seemed crude, arbitrary, and quite all wrong, so does the personal bias of sentiment, sympathy, or mere comfort affect one's focus on events. But I believe that though the Government methods are harsh, this convent, type of all that is best and most elevating of its kind, should go—with the religious schools in towns and the parochial schools in the country—to my and others' inconvenience, to the sorrow of its happy pupils and good women, to make place for the final establishment of schools, which must arise to meet the demand, where the best of modern teaching shall go hand in hand with liberty of con-

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science and the fear of God. The religious schools abolished, France may swing far from bigotry to atheism, as one is constantly hearing, but as long as "God's in his world, making it right," the search for truth cannot end in darkness, but in more light.

These incidents, a few out of many such, indicate the feeling of the upper classes as it prevails in one large provincial town—a feeling of contempt, hostility, and hate towards the Government which, while openly expressed, achieves nothing—nor will. Why? Because the upper classes are forced to accept the present situation at the hands of the people—of the people and of that large body of bourgeois who deride the pretensions of the aristocracy, and are determined that the future of France shall be out of their hands and out of the hands of churchmen who support them. France is a nation imbued with class hatred, where, unless all signs fail, the future holds no hope of restored power to aristocracy or Church.

The century will bring no stranger spectacle than this: the masses, recognizing the force of representation, invested with power; the aristocracy oppressed in army, Church, and State. To-day, to be sure, since the fall of Combes, the Clericals and Nationalists pretend to hope; but a change of Cabinet will not change the will of the people, which is the force in France to-day.

The Methods of Jesus Christ as a Preacher

By Lyman Abbott

EVEN those who do not accept Jesus Christ as a Master whose example and instruction possess a divine authority may yet well think him the greatest religious teacher the world has ever seen, and his methods and spirit therefore worthy of the most thorough and reverent study. He "has founded absolute religion," Ernest Renan says. "The genius of nineteen coming centuries," Goldwin Smith calls him. In this article I ask the reader to consider the methods of the preaching of this founder of absolute religion, this genius of nineteen coming centuries.

Certain negative conclusions respecting his method seem very evident. He did not depend for his power on dramatic effects. He did not act upon the counsel of Demosthenes, who declared that action was the first, the second, and the third condition of oratory. He did not win the attention of the people by any form of dramatic art or artifice. John B. Gough portrayed in action and in dialect every character he described, and acted upon the platform every incident he related. Henry Ward Beecher, with unconscious skill, imitated every act which he used in illustration. We can be quite sure that this was not Christ's method, because he habitually taught sitting down. He went into the synagogue at Nazareth to preach, the eyes of all who were in the synagogue were fastened on him, and he "sat down" to preach to them. He went into the mountain, the multitudes followed him to listen to his inaugural sermon, and "when he was set" he opened his mouth and taught them. He came into the temple, all the people came unto him, "and he sat down and taught them." The people pressed upon him at the lake of Gennesaret, and he entered into a boat, thrust it out a little from the land, and "sat down and taught the people out of the boat."

Nor did he move them by the oratorical splendor of his addresses. They had none of the literary characteristics of great orations. They were not musical; there are no cadences in them. They were not made splendid by beautiful ornamentation; they were without rich coloring. They were without striking introductions to attract attention, and without eloquent perorations to win applause; indeed, one can hardly think of them as having ever been received with applause. With very few exceptions, they were not aflame with passion. They were simple in style as in substance, spontaneous, unartificial, practical and instruc-

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tional rather than imaginative and emotional. No school-boy wishing to find a fit piece of literature for a declamation would think of looking among Christ's discourses for a suitable oration for oratorical display. Christ's discourses are not declamatory, they are not oratorical; they neither surge with passion, nor scintillate with antithesis, nor sparkle with wit and humor. No teacher of rhetoric would go to them except for examples of lucidity and simplicity. They are simple, conversational, almost colloquial.

Nor was the power of Jesus Christ, primarily, intellectual. The interest which he aroused was not dependent on skillful analysis and dialectical skill. He did not play before men a game of chess, setting thought against thought with check and countercheck, while men looked on to see how the game would end. There is very little of the kind of intellectual interest in reading the discourses of Jesus Christ which the scholar finds in reading the dialogues of Plato. A profound philosophy of life underlies his teaching, but his teaching is not the exhibition or unfolding of a system of philosophy. There is little in common in the *method* of the teaching between Jesus Christ and Hegel or Kant or Calvin or Edwards.

Most of his teaching was conversational; some scholars think it was all conversational. Probably it was largely fragmentary; certainly it comes to us in fragmentary reports. It is mainly colloquial talk with men, rather than addresses to men; he receives their inquiries and gives his reply, or seeks their responses to his own inquiries. It is often dialogue in fact when it is not so in form—an interchange of thought with thought, of life with life. On even the most conservative interpretation of the Gospels there are not more than five discourses that can properly be called sermons, of which we have any report in the Gospels. These are the sermon at Nazareth, the Sermon on the Mount, the parables at the seashore, the sermon on the Bread of Life, and the Discourse on the Last Day.[1] The parables by the seashore I believe to have been given on different occasions, though at the same period of his ministry; the other sermons above referred to I believe to be real discourses, not merely collections of apothegmatic sayings; but upon this point scholars are not agreed.

And yet, while he taught in conversational forms and in apparently fragmentary utterances, he dealt with the greatest problems of human life. The questions which he discussed were such as these: What is the object of life? That question he answers in the sermon at Nazareth. We are here to serve one another, to lift men up, to comfort, to console, to illumine, to instruct, to redeem; not to be ministered unto, but to minister. What is the secret of happiness? That question he answers in the Sermon on the Mount. Character is the secret of happiness. Blessed are the poor in spirit, the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart, the peacemakers. Not what we have, but what we are, determines our happiness. What is the secret of character? How shall I possess a holiness (or wholeness, or healthfulness) that will make me blessed? That question he answers in the sermon on the Bread of Life. The secret is communion with God, fellowship with him, feeding upon him, making him the substance of our life, the nourishment of our soul. What is the destiny of man, the issue of life, the outcome of this great drama of history, of which we are a part? That question he answers in his Discourse on the Last Day. It is the revelation of God—such a revelation that the deaf will hear, the blind will see, the dull will recognize.

Or turn from these discourses to his conversations. These also are on great themes. Nicodemus comes to him by night. "Rabbi," he says, "we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him." Christ instantly turns the conversation into a new channel. "It is not," he tells him, "a right opinion about miracles, nor a right opinion about myself, that you need; you need a new life coming down from above." He talks with the woman at the well, and from a simple request for a

[1] Luke v. 14–32; Matt. v., vi., vii.; Luke vi. 17–49; John v. 25–71; Matt. xxiv.

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drink of water turns the conversation into one of the profoundest discourses respecting the nature and source of spiritual life. Or, from the conversations, turn to his parables. They are never mere dramatic pictures to catch the attention and arouse the interest for the moment. They are the interpretations of great spiritual truths. In the parables of the Good Samaritan, and Dives and Lazarus, he exhibits the true test of character; in the parable of the Prodigal Son he exhibits the difference between the holiness that forgives sin and the holiness that only hates and resents it; in the parable of the Publican and the Pharisee, the difference between the holiness that is satisfied with past achievement and that which aspires to a worthier future.

Though in form fragmentary, in fact his teaching was systematic. It may be true that "Jesus, so far as we can conclude from our sources, has never aimed in any single discourse, or any group of connected discourses, at laying down his doctrine in systematic form;"[1] certainly his teaching is in its form the farthest possible removed from the systematic theology of a Calvin, an Edwards, a Park, or a Hodge; but underlying his teaching is a system. He does not formulate it, but it exists. He presents no isolated truths, half thought out; every truth which he presents runs its roots down and finds connection with every other truth. For nineteen centuries his disciples have been studying his teachings; they have gotten some doctrines out of his teachings which are not there, and they have failed to get some doctrines out of his teachings which are there; but, despite their conflicting prepossessions and temperaments, they have agreed in finding certain great fundamental truths in his ministry. Roman Catholic and Protestant, Calvinist and Arminian, Episcopalian and Congregationalist, orthodox and heterodox, bitterly as they have fought one another on certain questions of doctrine, heartily agree with one another in certain fundamental faiths. They could not have thus agreed in discovering a system underlying the teachings of Jesus Christ if there were no system there. Imperfectly understood by his disciples, imperfectly reported by them, constantly misinterpreted since, used by combatants as an arsenal for weapons of offense or defense, sharply criticised by skeptics of every type in all ages of the world, the teaching of Jesus Christ is more universally honored, more profoundly reverenced, and, on the whole, more loyally followed than ever before in the world's history. This could not be if it had not unity. Teaching which is but a series of *disjecta membra* could possess no such immortality.

But it was not the object of Jesus Christ to exhibit or maintain a system. He did not teach for the purpose of inculcating a philosophy; it was not his aim to found a school of thought; still less did he seek to give rules for the regulation of conduct, to found a school of ethics. Both truth and rules of conduct were instrumental; the end of all his teaching was the production of character. Thus, his preaching was not in form philosophical or ethical; it was vital, and aimed at changing the sources—that is, aimed at changing the character, not merely at the formation of opinion or the regulation of conduct. He therefore never measured men by their ecclesiastical practices, their intellectual opinions, or their emotional states. He never asked them whether they went to church, or what they believed, or how they felt. He never portrayed men as good because of their ecclesiastical practices, or the orthodoxy of their opinions, or the excitation of their emotions. He never portrayed them as bad because they did not conform to ecclesiastical rules or orthodox standards, or did not possess prescribed emotions. His measurements of men were always real, practical, vital; character was the end of his teaching, conduct was his measure of character.

His preaching, therefore, is concrete. His illustrations are never mere ornaments, introduced to relieve a wearied audience or lighten the strain upon their attention. They are concrete expressions of vital truth; and the only truths with which he concerns himself are those capable of concrete interpretation. An abstract truth which exists only in the realm of pure intellect has apparently

[1] Wendt, "The Teaching of Jesus," p. 107.

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for Jesus Christ no interest; it certainly has no place in his teachings. The only Christianity which Jesus Christ inculcated was applied Christianity.

Seeking thus to change the sources of character, he seeks to make men think for themselves, answer their own questions, or ask questions of themselves which they had not thought to ask before. A lawyer asks him, "Who is my neighbor?" Christ tells him the story of the good Samaritan, and then returns his question to him, "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?" He tells the story of two sons, one of whom promised to work in his father's vineyard but did no work, the other of whom refused to work in his father's vineyard and repented and went to work, and then puts to his auditors the question, "Whether of them twain did the will of his father?" A young man comes running in his eagerness, kneels to him reverently, and in words acknowledging his authority says, "Good master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Christ throws him back upon himself: What do you mean by "good master"? Why do you call me good? and the young man is still silent; he has used the phrase without significance. This method is characteristic with Christ. He seeks by concrete statement, by parabolic illustration, by searching question, to get behind the intellectual conception, behind the ethical rule, behind the ecclesiastical formulary, into the very springs and sources of man's being.

His combination of profundity of thought and concreteness of statement gives his sayings a hidden meaning. His thoughts are seed thoughts. His teaching abounds in epigrams. Whole systems of life lie concealed in them. I say unto you, "Love your enemies," has in it the secret of the Christian system of penology. The function of society is not to punish but to redeem the enemies of society. "Say, Our Father" has in it a complete system of theology. What true fatherhood means to us on earth interprets the relationship of God to humanity. "Take my yoke upon you" contains the whole secret of human development. Yoke yourself to God and your work is easy. This is the whole secret of civilization, that we have learned how in the natural realm to avail ourselves of the divine forces in nature and work co-operatively with them. This is the whole secret of Christian development, which we shall have learned when we have learnnd how to enter into spiritual companionship with God, and work in the spiritual realm co-operatively with him.

This compacting of fundamental principles of life into brief and pregnant aphorisms gives great crispness of style to the teachings of Jesus. "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you." "Many that are first shall be last, and the last first." "Many are called, but few are chosen." "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." The teachings of Jesus abound with aphorisms of this description.[1] They constitute more than a characteristic of style, they are evidences of profoundness of thought and carefulness of preparation. Such coin as these are not minted without study of form as well as of substance, of expression as well as of truth. It is for the preacher to ponder these aphoristic sentences, meditate them, search for the truth which is contained in them, study the life that is about him, and by his combined study learn how to apply the truths concealed in these aphorisms to the circumstances and conditions of modern life.

The methods of Jesus Christ are not as important as the substance of his teaching, and neither is as important as the spirit with which both were imbued. Nor must it be forgotten that his methods are to be studied rather as an inspiration and an encouragment than as a law, and never as a restriction. One may philosophize like Jonathan Edwards, or act like Mr. Beecher, or scintillate like Dr. Talmage, or glow with restrained emotion like Phillips Brooks; but if he has not the philosophy of the first, nor the oratorical power of the second, nor the sensuous imagination of the third, nor the cultivated and restrained passion

[1] Wendt in "The Teachings of Jesus" gives three pages of sayings of this description. Vol. I., 139-142.

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of the fourth, in short, if he is not an orator, he may, nevertheless, find encouragement for himself in his work in the methods of one who was the greatest teacher the world has ever seen, and yet was neither a philosophical nor a dramatic nor a pictorial nor an emotional orator.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. Edited for School Use by Charles A. McMurry. (Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 25c.

Another Hardy Garden Book. By Helena Rutherford Ely. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 243 pages. $1.75, net.

Following a somewhat discursive introduction come chapters on the vegetable garden, fruits, trees, flowers, the flower garden, and autumn and spring work therein. It seems a quite practical book for the amateur gardener, and has helpful dates of blossoming time under the very numerous full-page illustrations.

Art in Theory. By George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D. (Second Edition, Revised.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 4¼×8 in. 286 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Bandolero (The). By Paul Gwynne. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 382 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Gwynne, in a former story, "The Pagan at the Shrine," displayed an astonishingly intimate knowledge of the life of Spanish village and country people. This same trait is found in his new story. As has been said by some one, Mr. Gwynne knows the Spanish peasant as well as Miss Wilkins knows the New England farmer. It is this part of this book, as it was with his former story, which attracts us in Mr. Gwynne's work. The rough but kindly nature of the Spanish farmer, the routine of his work in vineyard and orange grove, his homely philosophy, the countless proverbs in which he abounds, and the occasional romantic dances and harvest feasts of the country lads and lasses, with their guitars and castanets—all are drawn from life and have color and humor. The plot of the story—dealing with bull-fights and flower-girls, with conventional Spanish brigands, with a stolen child, and with a deep and terrible revenge—seems to us on the melodramatic order and less worthy of praise.

Belles-Lettres Series (The): Select Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Arranged by Andrew J. George, A.M., Litt.D. **Blot in the 'Scutcheon, Colombe's Birthday, etc.** By Robert Browning. Edited by Arlo Bates. **The White Devil and the Duchess of Malfy.** Edited by Martin W. Sampson. **The Gospel of Saint John in West Saxon and The Gospel of Saint Matthew in West Saxon.** Edited by James Wilson Bright, Ph.D. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4×6 in.

It is the aim of this series to collect in convenient form the most significant works in English literature for lovers of literature, the series to be divided into seven sections, edited by men of special knowledge in the different fields. Among the general editors, of whom there are seven, are Professor Herford, Professor Cross, of Yale, and Professor Baker, of Harvard. Among the editors of separate volumes are Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. Dobson, Mr. A. W. Ward, of Cambridge, and other well-known men of letters. The text is presented in the purest form, the books are to be unexpurgated, and to conform to the highest standards in the matter of text, biography, bibliography, notes, and glossary. Of the six volumes already issued that containing Webster's "White Devil" and "Duchess of Malfy" is edited by Professor Sampson, of Indiana University; "Selections from the Plays of Browning," with an admirable introduction, by Professor Arlo Bates, and the "Select Poems of Coleridge," with an introduction, by Mr. A. J. George, with full equipment of notes. The volumes are well printed, and are small and compact. The only criticism to be made upon the form of the books is the binding, which is somewhat dingy.

Bell in the Fog and Other Stories (The). By Gertrude Atherton. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7¾ in. 300 pages. $1.25.

The short stories in this volume are described by the publishers as recalling the work of Poe and De Maupassant. Many of the stories are mysterious and gruesome enough to have been written by either of them. But anything like their genius is entirely lacking.

Castel Del Monte. By Nathan Gallizier. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 444 pages. $1.50.

Cerberus, the Dog of Hades: The History of an Idea. By Maurice Bloomfield. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 4½×6½ in. 41 pages.

Epistle to the Ephesians (The). Vol. II. By Joseph Parker, D.D. **Devotional and Practical Commentary.** A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 5×8 in. 272 pages.

The Commentary of which this volume forms a portion is of the expository kind. For such work Dr. Parker, as his "People's Bible" showed, had peculiar genius, often as breezy as that great master of sermonic exposition, Luther himself. A brilliant specimen of this is the treatment given here to the familiar passage on "the panoply of God."

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French Revolution (The): A History by Thomas Carlyle. In 3 vols. (Bohn's Historical Library.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. $1.50 per vol.

An excellent library edition.

Fugitive Blacksmith (The). By Charles D. Stewart. The Century Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 321 pages. $1.50.

This blacksmith is a resourceful, ingenious fellow, and a character to boot. His adventures as a fugitive under indictment for a murder he did not commit are told at night in a railway sand-house by his one-legged comrade to its keeper, a friendly Irishman, also a character worth knowing. Let no one be deterred from reading the book by dislike of Irish dialect. The first chapter once passed, the human and humorous interest increases rapidly, and it may be added that the dialect itself—to many readers a deterrent—is consistently and carefully managed. The story is jolly and original.

Funeral (The): Its Conduct and Proprieties. By Joseph N. Greene. Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati. 4¼×6¾ in. 109 pages. 50c., net.

Girl of La Gloria (The). By Clara Driscoll. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 297 pages. $1.50.

A Texan romance with a Mexican half-breed heroine and a New York "tenderfoot" hero, and nothing in particular to recommend or condemn it.

Gaudium Crucis: A Meditation for Good Friday upon the Seven Words from the Cross. By Walter Lowrie, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 117 pages. 90c., net.

The title ("The Joy of the Cross") indicates that these meditations on the death of Christ are not in a minor key, not as before a Crucifix, but in view of the Cross as a symbol of the spiritual sovereignty to which it was the stepping-stone. Among the many books on the words from the Cross this is specially commendable for the emphasis it puts on moral obligations in connection with devout feelings.

Harvest of the Sea (The): A Tale of Both Sides of the Atlantic. By Wilfred T. Grenfell. Illustrated. **Dr. Grenfell's Parish; The Deep Sea Fishermen.** By Norman Duncan. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7 in. $1 each.

The first of these volumes is so realistic that were it not for the Introduction one might easily take it for the author's autobiography, as this reviewer did until a glance at the Introduction corrected his error, which had become a puzzling one. Its picture of the early condition of the deep-sea fishermen of England, of the grog-shop boats, of the necessary exposure and of the needless brutality, of the coming of the mission ship into the fishing fleets, and of the revolution these mission ships have wrought, is as graphic as it is simple and inartificial. The last half of the volume does not keep up the interest of the first half, and seems as though it might be composed of separate papers or lectures prepared for special periodicals or occasions. The volume by Norman Duncan on "Dr. Grenfell's Parish" is needed to complete Dr. Grenfell's incompleted picture. It is a series of sketches of the latter's work in Labrador; "studies" we might call them, to borrow a word from the artist's nomenclature; "impressionistic," to borrow another art phrase; full of life and color. It is a strange land, and a strange people, and a strange life; but strangest of all is the man himself, who carries out the principles of Jesus Christ, in his ministry to others and giving his life a ransom for many, exactly as though to live as Jesus Christ lived was the most natural course for a man to pursue, something to do and think nothing of it. A very rare picture the author has given of a very rare man; a true story of adventure which we should like to see in the hands of every boy and of every man of whatever age who still retains anything of a boyish heroism in his soul.

History of Ireland. By John F. Finerty. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. $2.50, net.

It is unfortunately true, as Mr. Finerty takes occasion to point out in his opening paragraphs, that the story of Ireland and her people, often as it has been retold, is known by us only uncertainly by reason of the partisanship, political or religious, with which the narrative has been colored. Since the story has to do with a feud extending through centuries, and that the bitterest of feuds in which racial and sectarian animosity conjoined, it is not surprising that the early annalists, on whom historians must chiefly depend, were swayed by their inclinations; but it is surprising that historians, with few exceptions, have refused to approach the study of Ireland with the detachment necessary to impartial and accurate presentation. The work before us, despite its prefatory promise of breadth and fair-mindedness, is itself a striking example of the way in which Irish history should not be written. The period previous to the coming of the Normans is surveyed clearly, some useful information regarding the development of Irish literature and industry is included, and we find several interesting chapters relative to the Irishman abroad; but in so far as the "political misfortunes" of Ireland are concerned, bias prevails—the bias of a narrative constructed along pronounced pro-Catholic lines by an uncompromising sympathizer with the Irish cause. Strictly speaking, moreover, the work is not a history, but merely a chronicle in which the familiar superlatives, epithets, and errors of overstatement and understatement are painfully in evidence—in which, if the Irishman does not receive more than his due, the Englishman certainly receives less. There is also room for criticism from the standpoint of proportion, as seen, for example, in the fact that the significant events of the last thirty years are dismissed in as many pages, while but one paragraph is devoted to the Wyndham Land Bill, which Mr. Finerty himself admits "assures, in great measure, the future happiness and prosperity of the Irish people of all classes and callings." There still is

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room for an adequate and authoritative "popular" history of Ireland.

Human Submission: Part Second. By Morrison I. Swift. The Liberty Press, Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 97 pages. 25c.

Lady Penelope. By Morley Roberts. Illustrated. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 362 pages. $1.50.

Original, clever, and amusing—so much so that where the humor of the situation in one of the chief episodes of the story is a trifle broad, laughter holds criticism in abeyance. The beautiful, young, daringly unconventional yet altogether serious-minded Lady Penelope, who is also a great heiress; her "horde" of suitors—the eight given "special mention," five assorted Britons, one gentleman of Jewish extraction, one Roger Q. Plant, and one Marquis de Rivaulx; the inconsequential Duchess, her aunt, and her precocious young cousin, future Duke of Goring, are a most diverting company.

Legends and Tales in Prose and Verse. Compiled by Isabel E. Cohen. The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia. 4½×6½ in. 260 pages.

Library of Literary Criticism of English and American Authors (The). Edited by Charles Wells Moulton. In 8 vols. The Moulton Publishing Co., Buffalo, New York. 7×10¼ in.

We have already spoken of the plan and method of this work, which is now completed in eight volumes, containing over six thousand pages and two hundred and fifty portraits. It is a well-indexed and thoroughly comprehensive collection of criticisms on English and American writers from the earliest times to our own day. The sources of these criticisms are the published works of famous or acceptable writers, both American and English; so that we may find side by side in the index, for instance, Alexander Pope and Ben: Perley Poore. As one example of the method, we open the book by chance to the title Edward Augustus Freeman. First comes a brief biographical sketch, then a full bibliography; then (surprisingly to us), under the head Personal, a letter to Freeman from Hannah More, followed by paragraphs on Freeman's personality from Froude, John Fiske, Andrew Lang, and half a dozen or more others. Then a special section devoted to the "History of the Norman Conquest," with criticisms by Herbert Adams, Robert Chambers, C. K. Adams, John Fiske, Richard Garnett, and William Clarke. Finally, under the head "General," are twenty paragraphs by as many authors or writers in magazines (James Bryce, Edmund Gosse, Frederic Harrison, Mrs. Oliphant, "The Nation," for instance), dealing with Freeman's abilities and faults, and his literary and historical methods. So, with appropriate variations, this plan is applied to hundreds of other authors. The selections have been made with care, and present diverse views of the subject treated. The indexes are elaborate, as was absolutely essential. The work occupies a field of its own, the nature of which will be evident from the description above given. It is a valuable addition to The Outlook's reference library, and we cordially commend it for literary workers generally.

Lure of the Labrador Wild (The). By Dillon Wallace. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 339 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Wallace here presents the story of the ill-fated expedition to Labrador undertaken by Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., during the summer of 1903. The party consisted of Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Wallace, and a half-breed Cree Indian named Elson, who proved himself a veritable hero. As is generally known, the object of the party was to reach the interior of Labrador over a portion of that country unexplored, or at least unmapped by white men. This purpose was only partially carried out. The winter came on long before Hubbard was ready to turn back, the provisions were exhausted, game was scarce, and the fish failed to rise to the fly. On the return journey toward the coast Hubbard gave out and had to be left behind until aid could be brought. Wallace succeeded in finding some provisions which had been thrown aside on the inland trip and had returned within a few hundred feet of Hubbard's tent, but without finding it. Elson, the half-breed, managed to reach a trapper's camp and sent back a relief expedition, which picked up Wallace, and later found the body of Hubbard, who had died of starvation. It is a wonderfully interesting record, told in a simple and straightforward manner. No lover of wood or stream should fail to follow the adventures and hardships of these brave men. The illustrations are from photographs, and add greatly to the general interest of the story.

Mandarin's Fan (The). By Fergus Hume. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 289 pages. $1.25.

This latest English detective story is a tale of mystery—so very mysterious, indeed, that the author appears frequently quite as much in the dark in trying to fix on one of his puppets the crime involved as is the patient and mystified reader. Although there is murder done, the most sensitive will not mind, for one sees readily that there is here no real flesh and blood.

My Appeal to America: Being My First Address to an American Audience. By Charles Wagner. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 67 pages. 50c.

Sometimes a cause becomes a victim to a catchword. The truth of which Pastor Wagner has become an embodiment has in a measure been lost in the phrase "the simple life." Pastor Wagner does not plead for a return to the life of the savage; he only warns us not to become the slaves of our own creations. This is the substance of his appeal to America, which he makes in remarkably lucid English, occasionally quaint, and always naïvely serious, even when expressive of a saving sense of humor. An introduction by Dr. Lyman Abbott gives an estimate of Pastor Wagner's message. The profits of the book go to a fund to furnish land for a

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church of which M. Wagner will be the pastor.

Mysteries of the Zímniy Dvóretz (Winter Palace): A Russian Historical Novel. By Charles W. Pafflow. The Neale Publishing Co., New York. 4¾×7¾ in. 292 pages. $1.50.

A sensational story of "high" and "low" life in St. Petersburg at the time of the Crimean War. It is, we are told, "a compilation from Russian literary sources recently published in Berlin, Germany, in the Russian language, and smuggled over into Russia," where, it is added, "it has produced a profound impression." It would be interesting to learn exactly the nature of the impression produced. To American readers the book must appear an unsavory volume, for the introduction of which into this country no satisfactory reason can be advanced. It is little more than a recital of scandal and intrigue in and out of the Winter Palace.

Old Farmer and His Almanack (The). By George Lyman Kittredge. Illustrated. William Ware & Co., Boston. 5½×9 in. 403 pages.

The title of this book fails to give a comprehensive idea of its contents. It is really an extremely readable collection of short chapters all of which bear directly on the life and manners of the New England farmers a hundred years ago. The famous old Farmer's Almanack was the invention of Mr. Robert B. Thomas, of whom a picturesque account is here given. Curious and often amusing extracts from the Almanack serve as the bases of the many articles here included on such topics as road travel, tavern entertainment, Indian talk, old-time schools, astrology, Indian summer, and a great variety of odds and ends of ancient lore. The book is well illustrated.

On Becoming Blind: Advice for the Use of Persons Losing their Sight. By Dr. Émile Javal. Translated by Carroll E. Edson, A.M., M.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 191 pages. $1.20.

A translation from the French that should be a boon to any household having an inmate so afflicted, and a special blessing soon felt if not seen by the sufferer. The author, a distinguished physician, himself stricken in the midst of an active career, gives out of his own experience suggestions and advice as to occupations and methods of adaptation to the sad changed experience that should sensibly mitigate the situation. The translator has added a chapter on books and library facilities for the blind in the United States.

Opal (The). Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 174 pages. $1.25.

A skillfully written study of an unusual type of woman, attractive, winning, full of tact, with capacity for devotion and abnegation, but absolutely without character; the reflection of the stronger personality under whose influence she comes. This brilliantly drawn character is set in striking contrast with a plain, straightforward, unattractive woman whom all men like and no man loves, capable of the ultimate loyalty, with the power of passion and an immense capacity for love. The development of the story is skillfully managed, the conversations as a rule are very entertaining, and the whole book has the touch of a bright, keen, thoroughly trained woman, not by nature a novelist, but able to turn her hand to the writing of fiction with unusual adroitness both of judgment and skill.

Opera Singers: A Pictorial Souvenir. By Gustav Kobbé. Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. 9×12½ in. 92 pages.

Caruso, Nordica, Calvé, Eames, Fritzi Scheff, and many other favorites are here depicted by large photographs in half-tone, and their careers and abilities are pleasantly described by Mr. Kobbé.

Our Navy and the Barbary Corsairs. By Gardner W. Allen. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 354 pages. $1.50, net.

The story of our relations as a youthful republic with the Barbary States of Morocco, Algeria, Tripoli, and Tunis, if not altogether flattering to National self-esteem, forms by no means the least interesting chapter in our early history. It comprises the birth of the United States as a sea power, the crushing of piracy in the western Mediterranean, and the abolition of the "white slavery" that for so many years had been the dread of merchantmen the world over. Out of our determination to rise from the humiliating position of a tributary to the Barbary corsairs grew the navy that, winning renown in the long struggle with Tripoli, was so much more to distinguish itself in the War of 1812. Side by side, too, with the exploits of Preble and Decatur on sea shone the achievements of Eaton and Cathcart on land, in the tortuous negotiations with the crafty Moslem. With all this as its subject matter, Mr. Allen's work, which is, so far as we are aware, the first detailed study of this phase of our National development, could not fail to be entertaining. It is also a historical treatise of no small value, colligating clearly and compactly the results of much original as well as secondary research, and embodying a survey of astonishingly wide range. Opening with a study of Barbary slavery and an enumeration of American captives in the corsair States, Mr. Allen passes to the early and abortive efforts to effect treaties of amity, thence to the degrading terms ultimately imposed on the United States, thence to the war with Tripoli, and, finally, to the war with Algeria. The work is well written and well balanced throughout.

Outlines of the Life of Christ. By W. Sanday, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 241 pages. $1.25, net.

Dr. Sanday's article, "Jesus Christ," in Hastings's Dictionary of the Bible is here reprinted in book form. The author is one of the foremost Biblical scholars, strongly conservative in his tendencies, but open-minded, and candidly conceding much to fellow-critics whose conclusions he rejects. His general position is indicated by his concluding remark upon the crucial problem of

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the resurrection of Jesus, after reviewing all the alternatives to the traditional belief: "It is better to keep substantially to the form which a sound tradition has handed down to us, even though its contents in some degree pass our comprehension."

Out of Bondage. By Rowland E. Robinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 334 pages. $1.25.

About eighteen years ago the present writer in these columns cordially praised a little volume of Vermont stories called "Uncle 'Lisha's Shop." Now we have in this posthumous book the last collection of tales and sketches by the author of "Uncle 'Lisha's Shop," of "Sam Lovel's Camps," of "Danvis Folks," and of perhaps half a dozen other such collections—all, including the present book, surprisingly even in their interest and freshness. Mr. Robinson was a sportsman, a student of history, a patriot who loved the Green Mountain region, a humorist, and a story-teller who could recognize and reproduce the New England character in its strength and its oddities. "Granther Hill's Patridge," first published years ago in the "Atlantic Monthly," is one of the best of American short stories. Mr. Robinson's stories bring back old Vermont days and show us typical village and country people in all their native ruggedness, kindliness, and neighborly qualities.

Pam. By Bettina von Hutten. Illustrated by B. Martin Justice. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 391 pages. $1.50.

Pam is a very charming and whimsical little girl placed in unusual circumstances, which oddly enough lead her to form the idea that marriage is disreputable and sure to lead to unhappy results. This idea remains in her mind to some extent after she has grown up, and underlies the complications and difficulties which beset her path to a happy life. The figure of the quaint little girl and her talk are decidedly pleasing and out of the ordinary. We care much less for her when she is a young woman.

Prize to the Hardy (The). By Alice Winter. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×7½ in. 347 pages.

Another multi-millionaire type—Nicholas Windsor, born in Maine, now of "St. Etienne"—evidently St. Paul. He is distinctly worth knowing. Vera, his daughter, improves on acquaintance, as does also young Lenox, just come out of the East. They supply the romance element to the story—the major portion—and participate in its dramatic episodes—a forest fire and an ice-boat accident, before which climax Lenox takes alone a business trip through the lumber and wheat region, meeting everywhere the thrifty Swede; a vivid and humorous account of the trip is given.

Religion of the New Testament (The). By Professor Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Translated from the German by Professor George H. Schodde, Ph.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5×8 in. 440 pages. $2, net.

Strictly speaking, this volume goes far beyond what its title gives one to expect. It is an exposition of religious doctrine. In few sentences it states "the essence of Christianity" as the inward realization of the theocratic ideal which had been objectively presented in the Old Testament. All the rest is a systematic account of the unfolding of doctrine about this central point—a process which the author exhibits both in its earlier stage as found in the Old Testament, and then in its completeness as given in the New, since Christianity is not a new religion, but the fulfillment of the old. Dr. Weiss's work is thus an elaborate exposition of Biblical theology, to the study of which he has devoted his life. At the end of a half-century of such study he completes his former expositions of the diverse types of doctrine in the New Testament by this presentation of their underlying unity. His treatment of the subject is thoroughly objective, and strongly conservative. The Bible is to him an orthodox book. Yet he is no mere literalist, but solicitous for the spiritual content and sum of Biblical teaching. One will not always agree with him as an interpreter, but will often be stimulated and profited by his insight and his discrimination. A somewhat less close adherence to the style of the original would have made many sentences of this translation easier reading for the unlearned, for whom the author intended it.

Return of Sherlock Holmes (The). By A. Conan Doyle. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 381 pages. $1.50.

We confess to a thorough enjoyment in a good detective story. It furnishes the pleasure of a chase without the fatigue, the pleasure of peril without danger, the pleasure of a game of chess with the certainty of winning at the end. But a good detective story is rare. To write one requires a peculiar kind of constructive skill, a knowledge of abnormal types of human nature, a skill in concealing the end until the end is reached, and an artistic skill in making the unreal appear real; for we venture the opinion that the detective processes of the skilled story-teller are quite unlike those of the professional detective. There is no better detective-story teller than Conan Doyle. He has had the wisdom to write short stories. "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is, we believe, the only one which he has written which makes a book by itself; and the "Hound of the Baskervilles" is by no means one of his best. The only long detective story which we recall which is not too long is "The Moonstone." Even Gaboriau's stories are too complicated and too long drawn out. Then Conan Doyle's characters are very living men and women. They are more alive than those of Wilkie Collins, more alive than those of Gaboriau. Sherlock Holmes is more of a real creature than Lecoq. Nor are the minor characters lacking in individuality and in naturalness of action. It is true that no such dramas are enacted in modern England as the author portrays; but his stories are as natural as, say, "Robinson Crusoe" or "Gulliver's Travels."

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But his stories are of unequal merit. The only story-teller who is not uneven is the one who is always equally bad. And, speaking generally, this volume does not average as high as its predecessors; but this is only because its best are not quite equal to the best he has told before. And yet even of this we are not quite sure. Such stories as "The Adventure of the Priory School" and "The Adventure of the Six Napoleons" are a close second to any he has ever written—that is, a close second to the best detective stories in literature.

Robert Louis Stevenson: A Record, an Estimate, and a Memorial. By Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 308 pages. $1.25.

The newly published letters here included are of little importance. Dr. Japp brings out in an interesting way Stevenson's appreciation of Thoreau, about whom Dr. Japp had written a book for English readers. Correspondence on this subject led to an acquaintance between the two men, to a visit to Stevenson at Braemar by Dr. Japp, and to the latter's finding in "Young Folks" a place for the serial publication of "Treasure Island," which, in a way, was the beginning of Stevenson's literary career. The criticism on Stevenson's various styles in his varied work is often acute and just. Altogether the book in parts has a strong interest for the Stevenson enthusiast, but will hardly attract the general reading public.

Seven Years' Hard. By Richard Free. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 268 pages. $1.50, net.

Sixty Years in Waifdom. By C. J. Montague. Illustrated. Charles Murray & Co., London. 4¾×7¼ in. 459 pages.

Smoke-Eaters (The): The Story of a Fire Crew. By Harvey J. O'Higgins. The Century Co., New York. 5×8 in. 297 pages. $1.50.

The characters in this series of short stories are the members of a hook and ladder company in New York City. They are shown at their work, when deeds of heroism are a matter of course to them, and in their moments of leisure, when they display their full share of human nature. The stories are full of action, fine character-drawing, and humor.

Some Neglected History of North Carolina. By William Edwards Fitch, M.D. Illustrated. The Neale Publishing Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 307 pages. $2.

North Carolina's claim to the first battle-ground of the Revolution is zealously advocated in this monograph, which is, briefly, a study of the "viper" episode of 1765, when the colonists of the Old North State gave practical expression to their opposition to the Stamp Act; of the régime of Governor Tryon; of the causes leading to the organization of the "Regulators;" of their insurrection, and of the battle of Alamance in 1771. Historians have made widely varying estimates of the character and objects of the Regulators, but Dr. Fitch, a descendant of one of them, is uncompromising in his defense of their motives and of the methods pursued to attain their ends; just as he is uncompromising in his contention that "the battle of Alamance, and not the battle of Lexington, as is usually taught, was the first battle of the American Revolution," and that "the war of the Regulators was a revolution and the beginning of, and the Revolutionary War the ending of, one and the same war against oppression by the British Government." All this Dr. Fitch affirms he has "proved," but his "proof" when measured by historical standards can hardly be called satisfactory, and Lexington must still be credited with the distinction it has so long enjoyed. On the other hand, Dr. Fitch's work, despite its controversial tone, is of value in drawing attention to important facts in colonial history that, so far at any rate as general histories are concerned, may truthfully be called "neglected." In it also is incorporated some interesting documentary matter in the way of legislative acts, Regulators' "Advertisements," and contemporary letters and addresses.

Songs: Stolen. Mister Dream-Maker. Oh! Had I Words. By Myrtle Fisher. Clayton F. Summy Co., Chicago. 50c. each.

Sword Play for Actors: A Manual of Stage Fencing. By Fred Gilbert Blakeslee. Illustrated. The M. W. Hazen Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 189 pages.

Sydney Smith. By George W. E. Russell. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 242 pages.

A very readable life of the great English wit by an interesting biographer. Mr. Russell's earlier books demonstrated his unusual quality as a recorder of social life and his ability to recall "the form and pressure" of a past age. His study of Sydney Smith is sympathetic, but it is also well balanced, his judgment kindly, taking full account of the limitations of Sydney Smith's religious conceptions and the lack of idealism in his religious life. He has been successful in giving the world what the world wants—not Sydney Smith the clergyman of the Church of England, but Sydney Smith the inimitable wit and the born lover of freedom in political and religious life. There is no more honorable chapter in the story of the time than Sydney Smith's ardent, persistent, and finally successful advocacy of the removal of disabilities of all kinds from English Catholics. In no other cause was his wit more effectively or more worthily used. This latest addition to the English Men of Letters Series suffers nothing by brevity; for Mr. Russell has succeeded in conveying the personality of Sydney Smith and in making his pages live in the light of that personality.

Thomas Cranmer and the English Reformation, 1489-1556. By Albert Frederick Pollard, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5¼×8 in. 399 pages. $1.35, net.

Wagner-Liszt Album. William A. Pond & Co., New York.

Wonder-Book. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Edited by L. E. Wolfe. (Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 25c.

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Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

The Monroe Doctrine

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of February 11, writing on the new Monroe Doctrine, you remark: "The Atlantic Ocean is an invaluable protection to American coasts. Any European Power, except England, wishing to attack America, must bring its coal with it across the sea and coal its navy in our waters. To allow a European Power to occupy South American territory is to allow that Power a naval depot within easy reach of our own coast. It is to consent that the Atlantic Ocean as a wall of protection shall be eliminated, and that we shall be brought as near to Germany, France, Spain, or Italy as these countries are to one another." And you go on to urge that the peril spoken of is not merely imaginary, and quote from the "Deutsche Post" to the effect that certain provinces of Brazil may some day declare for secession and independence, when, the German paper adds, "a new outlook would be opened to Germany." Upon which you observe: "The abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine would permit the organization of a German State affiliated with the German Empire, under German Imperial control, and affording all needed facilities for a German navy."

Several questions are suggested by this presentation of the case. Suppose this very remote "peril" should ever be realized, and the Brazilian provinces in question should rebel, what would you advise the United States to do about it? Should we send a navy and an army thither to help Brazil subdue the rebellion? Or, in case the rebellion is successful, and Germany seems likely to receive the provinces as a dependency of the German Empire, would you have us go to war with Germany to prevent the consummation of the scheme? We have all heard of the man who was so fond of peace that he was ready to fight for it. In securing peace through the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine against Europe are we to run the risk of being constantly embroiled in wars in South America?

But let us look at this German peril more particularly. The provinces which are supposed to be disaffected lie in the southernmost part of Brazil. In round numbers, they are about 6,000 miles from New York, and 5,000 miles from the southernmost part of our country. But Germany itself is only about 4,000 miles from our coast. And now you are afraid that, if Germany gets a foothold in South America, 5,000 miles from the tip-end of Florida, we shall be in great peril, while, with only 4,000 miles between us and Germany itself, we are securely guarded by the Atlantic Ocean—the same Atlantic which in either case must be traversed in order to bring a navy to our shores! Yet you assert that to allow a European Power to occupy South American territory is to bring that territory as near to us as Germany and France are to one another! Germany and France are contiguous for hundreds of miles, and these Brazilian provinces 5,000 miles away are to be brought as near as that! By what magic is the marvel to be effected? Seriously, do you mean what you say? or are you so oblivious of geographical facts that you imagine South America to be as near to us as Canada is? In any case, do you think that our people in general can be permanently frightened by this bugbear of your creation?

But it may be that other persons also have a vague idea that because the southern continent of this hemisphere shares with ours the name "America" it is therefore a near neighbor of ours. Let us, then, look at the facts. Of course we are somewhat nearer the northern part of South America than we are to Europe, though at the very nearest points we are 1,000 miles apart. But South America taken as a whole is farther from us than Europe is, and farther even than Africa. From New York to Cape St. Roque, the easternmost point of South America, the distance is about 4,200 miles; to Rio Janeiro, 5,600 miles; to Cape Horn, 8,500. When the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated, the only way to reach the western coast of South America was by rounding Cape Horn, so that Chili was some 12,500 miles off, to say nothing of the countries further north. Even now it is more than 5,500 miles from San Francisco to Chili, and 4,000 miles to the nearest part of the western South American coast. On the other hand, New York is only about 3,500 miles from the nearest part of Africa, and the Cape of Good Hope is 500 miles nearer than Cape Horn. Europe, as a whole, is still nearer than Africa, being at its nearest point a little over 3,000 miles away, and even its eastern part only 4,500 or 5,000 miles. Morocco or Spain is much nearer to us than all South America south of the Amazon. Is it therefore not a bit ridiculous for you to speak of South America in general as being "in our vicinity," and the several States of that continent as our "neighbors"? If geographical proximity is what makes a people our neighbors (and nothing else can well be meant by you), and if such proximity devolves it on us as our "brother's keeper" to protect our "feebler neighbors" from op-

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pression or "foreign aggression," then it is more our duty to see that Ireland is not abused by England, that Morocco is not subjugated by France, that Macedonia is not oppressed by Turkey, and that Finland is not crushed by Russia, than it is to protect the more distant countries of Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, or Chili.

It hardly needs to be added that the consideration just presented effectually disposes of your argument that "altruism" requires us to maintain the Monroe Doctrine. By what reasoning from Scripture or common sense can it be made out that our National duty to our "neighbors" is limited to the Western Hemisphere? Why should we go 5,000 or 6,000 miles from home to keep certain Brazilian provinces from being annexed to Germany, in case the provinces should desire such annexation, while we would not go 3,500 miles from home to keep Holland from being annexed against her will, in case Germany should happen to undertake such a conquest? It would of course be no answer to this question to remind me that the Monroe Doctrine limits our protectorial duties to this hemisphere. The very question at issue is, What right had Monroe to impose such queer limits to our altruism? The Golden Rule, you say, should "be accepted as a principle of international law." Be it so; but the Golden Rule is in its application surely not restricted to certain arbitrarily designated nations which we are to favor at the expense of certain others, especially when these others are racially and geographically nearer to us than those whom we are asked to favor. The Golden Rule and the Monroe Doctrine, in short, do not work together; if either of them is to determine our National policy, we must choose the one or the other. If the Monroe Doctrine is to be maintained, pure altruism must be repudiated. So, then, the argument for the Doctrine from altruism is as futile as the one from "self-interest."

One further remark, however, on the self-interest argument presses for utterance. In the passage first quoted from you are thrown in the words "except England" in a parenthetical sort of way, as if the exception were of very slight consequence. But just in the fact here alluded to lies the practical refutation of all the loud buncombe about the necessity of maintaining the Monroe Doctrine. It will never do, we are told, to let a European Power get possession of any part of America. The very thought of such a thing as a remote possibility seems to put some men almost into "conniptions;" we must spend any amount of money in enlarging our navy rather than run the slightest risk of such a calamity. And, lo! all the while here is England controlling a long line of coast next to ours, and possessing an immense territory adjoining ours for a distance of three thousand miles! And the funny part of the business is that, while men are ready to fume over the dangers that would result if Germany or France should get hold of a small patch of land five thousand miles away from us in South America, here England has got hold of this large patch at our very doors, has had it for over a hundred years, and our peace and stability as a Nation have never suffered an atom on account of it! The Monroe Doctrine, however, you may say, does not apply to European possessions antedating the promulgation of the Doctrine. True; but why should it not? If our safety is threatened by the bare possibility of some future encroachment of a European Power on a distant part of the hemisphere, why is it not doubly and trebly threatened by the real, present, and enormous possession of American territory, on the part of England, at our very side? If we are really in earnest about the Monroe Doctrine; if our peace and welfare demand that European control be kept out of the Western Hemisphere, then our most imperative duty is to drive England out of it at once. But the very fact that British America in all the long past has never been the cause of any of those dreadful evils against which the Monroe Doctrine is used as a prophylactic, is the best possible proof of the utter baselessness of the Doctrine itself. And the fact that our people have so long calmly acquiesced in the contiguity of British America, scenting in it no danger to our political institutions or our prosperity, is the best possible proof of the folly, if not the utter hollowness, of our politicians' protestations respecting the indispensable necessity of insisting on the Monroe Doctrine.

Whatever danger ever threatened us from European aggressions, if any ever did threaten us, is something long past. The danger now is, not that Europe will encroach on our hemisphere, but that we shall encroach on the rights and independence of the American States. The Santo Domingo scheme, innocent and even beneficent as it may be made to look, is avowedly only the beginning of a policy which, if not promptly checked, will issue in our intermeddling with the affairs of all the Latin-American States. What right has our Nation to compel neighboring nations to pay their debts? With what face, especially, can we do it, when many of our own States have repudiated their debts, and our Government is confessedly unable to enforce the payment? No; we have difficult problems enough of our own to solve. Let us try to fight vice, and corruption, and caste, the clash of classes and the rule of bosses and of trusts; in short, let us mind our own business.

Boston, Massachusetts. C. M. MEAD.

[This letter seems to us subject to the general criticism to which all purely doctrinaire discussions of public questions are subject. The statesman must take facts as they are, and the facts are: (1) That the Monroe Doctrine has been practically so recognized by European Powers as to become almost if not quite a recognized principle in international law. (2) That the question is not whether we shall now establish this doctrine,

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but whether we shall now abandon it after it has been established and by foreign Powers accepted. (3) That to draw an imaginary line across the South American continent and refuse to allow European possessions north of that line, and to permit them south of that line, is wholly impracticable. The Monroe Doctrine must be maintained as a whole or abandoned as a whole. (4) To abandon it as a whole is to allow South America, Central America, and the islands in the Caribbean Sea to become naval stations of foreign Powers. (5) That there is nothing in the Monroe Doctrine hostile to the occupation of any territory in America, by any number of Europeans of any nationality, provided they do not become a political part of such European nationality, and so a possible peril on the one hand to the independence of South and Central American States, and on the other to the peace of the United States.—THE EDITORS.]

The Needs of the Young Married Women of the Tenements

To the Editors of The Outlook:

New York is the center of vast and effective work done through its settlements, churches, clubs, and private societies, for those who for various reasons cannot undertake these things for themselves. In our settlement, club, and society work we appreciate and meet, to a great extent, the needs of the girls and boys, the men, and the older women of the tenements. As far as I have been able to discover, there is practically nothing in the way of clubs, social or practical, for the young married women of our various neighborhoods.

No one can deny that when a young woman undertakes the responsibilities of wife and mother, in small quarters, with all the work of the house to do herself, and a growing family to care for, this is the time when most she needs training, advice, and above all recreation and refreshment. The young women of our tenements are progressive, intelligent, aspiring; they are not content with what served to satisfy their mothers. They want to be taught how best to care for their children, their sick; how to dress attractively, how to make their clothes and hats tastefully, how to cook well; and they want more too—they want literature, physical culture, music. Opportunities to study these things ought to be within the reach of our young mothers.

Who ought to give them these things?—or rather help to give them, for such women as I have in mind are ready and willing to pay their share and govern their own clubs.

What do we, who are interested in church or settlement work, do for the young girls of our organizations when they marry? Do we hold them and inspire their lives at a time when they are becoming the center of a home and of a widening influence?

To give our young married women the opportunity to become intelligently the center of life in their homes, enlarging the horizon of their lives and thoughts, and of necessity giving that breadth gained to the home life, helping them to stand in the relation of more than daily provider to their children, making themselves a real companion to their husbands, and, above all, opening to them a new world in themselves—these are some of the things that we, interested in the social work of our city, ought to be bringing to the young married women as well as to the girls.

Some may say that the Married Branch of the Girls' Friendly Society covers this ground. It does not; for it only admits as members married women who were previously members of the Girls' Friendly Society. It is also an organization connected with the Episcopal Church, and for this reason would not reach all.

We want a society for which every young married woman will be eligible who feels the need of companionship and inspiration in her work and in her recreation. I have visited with great pleasure several societies of this kind in various churches of different denominations, and in two of the settlements of this city. We need more of these clubs, and we need the federation of those already existing.

This work will not be thoroughly and effectively done until those interested get together and, by their united efforts, suggestions, and enthusiasm, develop the work already in progress, and take measures to spread it.

Such a society as I have suggested exists at St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square, started by Dr. Rainsford, who felt that the needs of the young married women of the neighborhood ought to be met. It is nonsectarian, and receives no appropriation from the church. A prayer, adopted by the members of the club, impresses me every time I hear it. One clause reads: "Help us with earnestness of purpose to guard and sanctify all that is good and beautiful in our homes, that in so doing we may further the Kingdom of God in our city and Nation."

Is not this the underlying meaning of this work, whether practical, physical, or social—the building up of the individual, not with the pre-eminence of the individual as an end, but for the strengthening, the elevating of the home, that the light that shines from it, the strength that goes forth from it in the lives of good and true men and women, may indeed further the Kingdom of God in our city? MAUD CABOT.

A Dissolute Sheet!

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I do not care to recommend to my friends any newspaper that advocates Free-Love.

GEORGE C. MAYNARD.

Washington, D. C.

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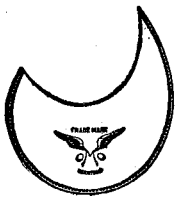

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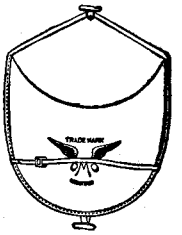

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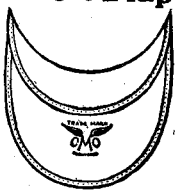

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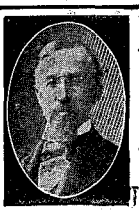

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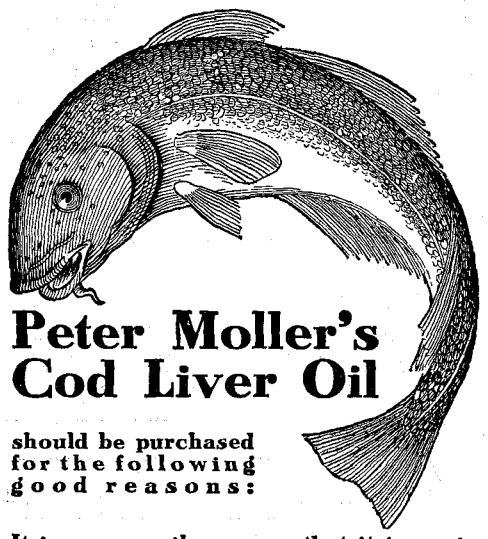

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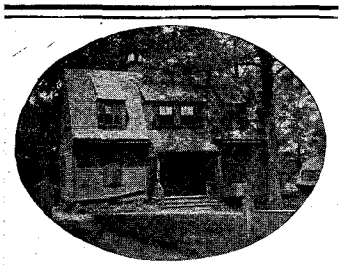

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